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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HINDENBURG'S death, which is announced as we go to press, is an event of incalculable importance for Germany and for Europe. The old President was not merely a great and honourable figure; his personal prestige and influence were the one solid-looking thing in the violently shifting sands of German politics. It is true that his grip and his power to exercise restraint had weakened—he did little to check Nazi excesses and brutality—but he still counted as a bulwark of the State. And now what? Rumour had been busy round Hindenburg's deathbed with many names of possible successors. But Hitler, it seems, has jumped the claim and already decreed that he himself shall combine in his own person the offices of President and Chancellor. Whether such an aggrandisement will make him a greater mischief to his own country and to the world than he has so far been, whether it will solve any of the problems that beset him, how much opposition it will provoke and in what quarters—these are questions which cannot be answered in three words.

The Air Force Increases

Mr. Baldwin's defence of the Air Force increases in the Commons last Monday was a sorry affair. He said nothing that has not been said again and again by some section of his party and controverted by another. There was the plea that the increase is only a little one. To this, of course, the answer is thunder on the Right, and a clamour for 1,000 instead of 500 new planes. There was the suggestion that our rearmament will stimulate other nations to disarm—which is too absurd to need an answer. And there was the specious argument, popular with certain Tories plagued by their consciences, that a bigger British Air Force is necessary to enable us to carry out our obligations, is in fact our proper contribution to collective security. Mr. Baldwin's harping on this was not much to the taste of the majority of his party, who do not give a fig for collective security. A single Conservative, Mr. Vyvyan Adams, had the will and the courage to go into the division lobby with the Labour Party and the Liberals against the Government.

Our Rhine Frontier

What Mr. Baldwin himself really believes is not easy to discover. His speech on Monday certainly will not square with his famous warning eighteen months ago of the futility of trying to protect ourselves against the perils of aerial bombardment. But he made one remark which seemed to have a practical significance. Our frontier for defence, he said, is not the cliffs of Dover but the Rhine. Was this a hint of an alliance—or at least some military understanding—with the French? It has been seized on eagerly in France—and angrily in Germany—as an assent to the French thesis that we should arrange for the

use of air bases in Belgium and Holland. If Germany is to be regarded as the enemy, and we are concentrating on preparations against an attack by her, there is doubtless something to be said, from the military point of view, for this thesis. But politically such a policy would be disastrous. It would mean, that despite their lip-service to the cause of peace, the British Government were abandoning the principle of the League as well as hopes of disarmament, accentuating the feuds of Europe instead of trying to allay them. Whether Mr. Baldwin's phrase meant anything so definite, whether the Government are deliberately planning an Anglo-French entente against Germany, may be doubted. But there ought to be no doubt on so grave a question. The Government have no mandate to commit the country behind its back to any alliances, agreements or understandings whatsoever.

A Beaverbrook Referendum

One curious sequel to Mr. Baldwin's assertion that the British frontier is now on the Rhine is that it has been picked up by the Beaverbrook press as perfect material for their isolationist propaganda. As a retort, no doubt, to the League of Nations Union's proposed referendum, Lord Beaverbrook is conducting his own special plebiscite, which by the time it is completed will have covered, he claims, every household in the land. As considerable capital is bound to be made of the result should it show a majority for isolation, it is worth while examining the question on which a vote is being canvassed. Here it is :

> Are you in favour of Great Britain isolating herself from all foreign entanglements, treaties and understandings, and refusing to engage her armed forces—Navy, Army and Air Force —in any war, unless our territory or that of our Dominions and Possessions is menaced ?

We can very well imagine a vote on this question being overwhelmingly " pro." We might almost say " yes " to it ourselves without any serious qualms. For whatever answer is received will be valueless. Unless the first part implies formal withdrawal from the League, the Kellogg Pact and Locarno—which in any case is out of the question—the sentence is so framed as to have no meaning at all in terms of practical policy. Any politician worth his salt could easily frame a situation in which a population that had voted a hundred per cent. in favour of Lord Beaverbrook's question would also vote a hundred per cent. in favour of going to war. " Unless our territory is menaced." Our territory is menaced nowadays, says Mr. Baldwin, if anyone crosses the Rhine. What an argument for " isolation " !

De Valera in Difficulties

Mr. De Valera has encountered a curious obstacle in using his emergency military tribunal for the suppression of the lawless activities of the I.R.A. on the Left and the Blueshirts on the Right. The Act that set up this military tribunal was Mr. Cosgrave's, and now his Attorney-General is arguing that his own Act was legally invalid. He is so far succeeding that the High Court is annulling many of this tribunal's decisions on highly technical grounds. The result may be some weakening of the repressive apparatus on which Mr. De Valera relies to hold the two extremes in check. The substantial issue is, of course, economic. The landless population of rural Ireland has grown rapidly since the American quota brought emigration virtually to an end. The I.R.A. presses therefore for a revolutionary solution of the land problem by a prompt division of the larger farms. The Blueshirts represent in the main the resistance of the larger farmers to this threat. Mr. De Valera had already one way round this difficulty : by fostering infant industries by high tariffs and subsidising wheat-growing he is making work for this restless younger generation which has no land and cannot emigrate. Is this enough, especially if legal obstruction renders repression difficult ? May he in this way be driven to reopen the road to the English market ? That would seem to be the reasoning of the Irish propertied class which controls the courts. It hampers the Free State Government in its efforts to hold Blueshirt Fascism in check, in the hope that it will be compelled to lessen the discontent of a class that it can no longer repress, by reopening to it profitable avenues of trade. That might work, but what then becomes of the proletarian discontent ? The answer doubtless is—it upsets Mr. De Valera. And that is why Mr. Cosgrave's party has discovered that its own Act was unconstitutional.

Indian Parties

On a short-range view the withdrawal of Pandit Malaviya and the orthodox Hindus who follow him from the National Congress Party is a misfortune for Indian nationalism. It means an atmosphere of dissension and dejection at the approaching elections for the Assembly, and a division in the popular parties when it meets. It has come about because Mr. Gandhi and the majority refuse to make an issue of the MacDonald Communal award which, as all Hindus (with some justification) think, was partial to Moslems and other minorities in its allocation of seats. Mr. Gandhi will not fight on that issue, since he aims at making Congress an expression of Indian rather than of Hindu opinion, and hopes to increase its Moslem membership. On a long-range view, whatever may be the result at this election, this is certainly the wiser policy. Meanwhile the Communist Party in India has been declared an illegal organisation. This is admittedly the penalty for its activity in fostering the recent strikes in the Bombay textile industry. One recalls that the monstrous Meerut conspiracy trial was the answer of the Indian Government to an earlier demonstration of Communist energy, also in Bombay, and also in the form of promoting strikes against intolerable labour conditions. The political or constitutional case against Communists is used as a pretext for repressing their industrial activities. There is no more reason for making this party illegal in India than in England. The direct effect will not be great, since Communists in India have always had to work underground. The graver effects will be indirect, for, as in the Meerut affair, it is apparently the Government's intention to strike not merely at Communists, but at other Socialist organisations as well, particularly those which are trying to organise the peasants and labourers against the notoriously parasitic landlord class.

American Farmers and the Drought

Mr. Wallace, the American Secretary of Agriculture, has started out on a speaking tour in the grain and cotton

areas. His mission is to convince the farmers that the policy of crop restriction is sound, and to enlist their support for the "New Deal" at the forthcoming election. Despite the relief given to farmers by the combined effects of the restriction scheme and the drought, Mr. Wallace is not likely to have an easy task; for a great many of the farmers are Fundamentalists, and have a simple belief that the policy of artificially creating shortage in place of plenty is displeasing to God. The drought, which they interpret as a judgment on those who have furthered this policy, has confirmed them in this opinion; and Mr. Wallace may find his economic arguments met with quotations from the Bible, to which he will hardly be able to reply in kind. However decisively we may reject this Old Testament view of Divine intervention in human affairs, it is difficult not to feel some sympathy with the farmers' attitude. The policy of promoting shortage as a means to recovery is fundamentally idiotic, just as war is idiotic. It may conceivably be justified up to a point in the present situation, but only because that situation as a whole is so tangled that no rational remedy can be applied to any one part of the trouble. According to the latest estimates, there are still over ten millions unemployed in the United States. These ten millions, and many more who are only part-employed, are consuming far too little. Yet despite the drought, which has destroyed a large part of the "surplus," the further curtailment of production is still being actively pursued.

Three More Shipyards to Go

Meanwhile in Great Britain as well the merry game of restricting the possibilities of future production goes on apace. Shipbuilders' Security Ltd. has acquired from Armstrong Whitworth three more Tyne shipyards, which will presumably be so dismantled as to be put permanently out of action. With these three, eight out of fourteen Tyne shipyards will have disappeared, leaving only six in existence, and only four actually at work. It is true that the three yards which are now to be dismantled have not been employed for some time past, and that there are only skeleton staffs to be dismissed as a result of their final destruction. Nor can it be affirmed that there is any real prospect of such an expansion of shipbuilding in the near future as to make the yards that remain inadequate to meet the demand. The shipbuilders who are busy buying up and dismantling redundant yards can find just as good arguments as Mr. Wallace can in America in defence of their policy, with less danger of finding themselves threatened with reprisals at the hands of the Almighty. It may be right to dismantle redundant shipyards; what cannot be right is to allow this to be done without making any provision for starting new industries in the areas from which the older industries are fast being taken away. One of the Government's Commissioners has been reporting on the Tyne; but this report, like the others, is not to be published. That would not matter, if there were any sign that the Government meant at last to accept seriously its responsibility for opening up new industries in the derelict areas. But there is none.

Minimum Needs

Miss Eleanor Rathbone, on behalf of the Children's Minimum Campaign Committee, has put in a Memorandum to the Unemployment Assistance Board, which has now to draw up scales of relief for the unemployed who cannot claim insurance benefits under the new Act. Miss Rathbone's committee naturally takes as its basis the recent investigations by the British Medical Association and the Nutrition Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Health, and the conclusions reached at the joint conference of these two bodies. On this basis, she arrives at a minimum scale, for food, fuel, clothing, cleaning, light and rent only, of 22*s.* 8*d.* for man and wife, 27*s.* 9*d.* for a couple with one child, 37*s.* 3*d.* for a couple with three children, and 50*s.* 3*d.* for a couple with five children. These figures follow the B.M.A. scales. For the same family groups unemployment insurance benefit would be 26*s.*, 28*s.*, 32*s.* and 36*s.* This brings out very clearly the inadequacy of the children's allowances under the insurance scheme. Of course, in assessing total needs, account has to be taken of other expenses besides those included in the B.M.A. scale—travelling, for example—and rent allowances have to be varied for different applicants. It is evident that the proposed scale would give the heads of many large families relief in excess of normal earnings. Miss Rathbone's committee suggests that in these cases relief in money should be limited to normal earnings, but that in assessing it no account should be taken of any help in kind granted by school feeding, provision of milk, or any form of public or charitable assistance. The Memorandum recalls ministerial pledges, during the debates on the Bill, of fair, and even generous, treatment of applicants by the Unemployment Assistance Board; and it will have public opinion behind it in insisting that those pledges shall be honoured.

The Road Traffic Act

The new Road Traffic Act is now on the Statute Book, but its provisions will come into force at various dates, some immediately, some not until the New Year or later. It is regrettable that another entire holiday season must go by without the enforcement of the 30-mile speed limit in built-up areas, but the Ministry's view, apparently, is that it will take local authorities until the early part of 1935 to survey their areas and prepare schedules. When the Bill left the Commons it contained a provision suspending the speed limit between midnight and 5 a.m. The Lords, however, removed this exception, and the limit will now run throughout the twenty-four hours. There can be little doubt that they were right, for it is often in the small hours of the morning that driving is at its most reckless: there is also the sleep of the inhabitants of the built-up areas to be considered. On the subject of noise, indeed, the Act is commendably enlightened. It confers powers on local authorities to prohibit the sounding of horns during certain hours (as to which the Metropolitan Police are said to be going to act forthwith). It makes it an offence—an amendment slipped in unexpectedly by the Upper House—for a manufacturer to sell a vehicle without an efficient silencer (a real reform, this). And the Minister is appointing a committee of scientists to consider the question of measuring noise. So perhaps one day we shall get some relief. Meanwhile road accidents continue at the rate of round about 5,250 a week.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1. *The postage on this issue is: Inland,* 1*d.; Foreign,* 1*d.; Canada,* 1*d.*

THE AUSTRIAN PROBLEM

IT looks as if the Austrian *Putsch* is all over bar the shouting —and the hangings, for there may be more of these to come. Vienna, though nervous, is quiet, and only one or two isolated bands of Nazi rebels remain, as we write, unaccounted for in the distant provinces. But this is not to say that the Nazi movement is dead or the problem of Austria any nearer to solution. For the moment, indeed, the Nazis' stock is down, heavily down, no doubt—and yet perhaps not so heavily as we might like to think. They could count, and they can still count, on a widespread sympathy in high places and in low. Horror at the killing of Dollfuss, or admiration for his qualities and for his services to his country, should not lead us into the delusion that he was the idol of all, or even of the majority, of his countrymen. Many, too, who were profoundly shocked at the thought of a deliberate murder of the Chancellor will be shaken by the evidence at the court martial of Planetta and Holzweber. They declared (and their statement is not so utterly incredible as their judges pretended) that they never intended to kill Dollfuss, and that he was not callously refused the offices of doctor or priest as he lay dying. Nor does the trickery over the safe-conduct for the rebels, villains though they may have been, make much of a feather in the Government's cap.

About the origin of the plot, and who exactly was in it or behind it, we are still in the dark. That Rintelen was pretty deeply involved, and that the notorious Herr Habicht and other German mischief-makers were privy to it, seems clear. But we are not so certain that the German Government was in the know. One explanation, indeed, of the whole rather clumsily managed affair is that the Austrian Nazis and their German backers realised —or feared—that they could no longer count on Hitler's support, that their abandonment was to be the sequel of the Führer's " purge " of his own movement on June 30th and a step in his " move to the Right." This appears a likely explanation of their desperate adventure ; if the *coup* was successful, they would make it difficult for Germany to repudiate it. What in that event Hitler would have done it is idle to speculate. He did in fact promptly dissociate himself and the Reich Government from all responsibility ; he recalled the German Minister from Vienna, deposed Habicht, shut the frontier to the Nazi legion in Bavaria and to the fleeing Austrian rebels, and, as a final guarantee of his proper feelings towards Austria, appointed Herr von Papen his special envoy to Vienna. This appointment was no doubt a convenient way of disposing of Papen, who is a decidedly awkward element in the German Nazi dictatorship, while the other moves were obvious ways of making the best of a bad job. The German Government, guilty as it has unquestionably been in the past, has in fact behaved correctly since July 25th—under the pressure of events—and its attitude is a blow to the Nazi cause in Austria. But it is not a mortal blow. Austria is honeycombed with National Socialism, and nobody supposes that Hitler and the rest of the German Nazis (not to mention many anti-Nazis) have abandoned their dream of the *Anschluss*. They have only put it in cold storage.

The problem, then, as it presents itself to the Austrians —or some of them—and to the world at large, is how to keep the *Anschluss* in cold storage. How and by whom is the independence of Austria to be secured ? The new Government will put on a bold front, but its difficulties are immense, and it is weaker and not stronger than its predecessor. Dollfuss was important as a unifying factor. Herr von Schuschnigg, who steps into his shoes, is an able lawyer, an equally keen Catholic, and a keener monarchist, though he may be prudent enough not to indulge himself at present in hopes of a Habsburg restoration. He is less obnoxious to the Socialists than Dollfuss was, and it is possible that he may pursue a conciliatory policy towards them. But he has as his chief colleague Prince von Starhemberg, the arch-Fascist, who, though he has little political experience or sense, is, as chief of the Heimwehr, a person to be reckoned with. He was expected by many to succeed to the Chancellorship, and indeed a large section of his followers were apparently eager to press his claims. Starhemberg, however, calmed them down, and was content to secure what seemed a fair representation of the Heimwehr in the new Ministry. His relations with Schuschnigg are for the moment good. Whether that will last, remains to be seen ; and it also remains to be seen whether, in the struggles that lie ahead, other members of the Government will manifest Nazi sympathies. It is clear, anyhow, that Herr von Schuschnigg is not the captain of a perfectly harmonious team, and that the salvation of Austria is a far bigger task than he, or any other Austrian, can achieve without foreign aid.

And what is the aid that is offered to Austria by the Powers of Europe ? This unhappy remnant of a once great State has ever since the Peace Treaties been struggling for its existence, politically unstable, strangled economically. It has been sometimes the pet, always the pawn, of its powerful neighbours. Its natural destiny was some sort of union with Germany, but that France, Italy and the Little Entente, obsessed by fears and jealousies, have obstinately opposed—even in the days when Germany was a respectable member of the comity of nations. Since the advent of Hitler, and in the insane Europe of to-day, the *Anschluss*, or anything like it, is of course not practical politics. Nor is the alternative project of a " Danubian Federation " any more practicable in present circumstances. During the past week we have heard a general cry of " Hands off Austria ! ", the reiteration of the principle of maintaining Austria's " integrity and independence." But that does nothing to solve the problem. The problem in essence is not merely how to ensure Austria's independence, but how to make that independence real and satisfactory—even tolerable—to the Austrian people. Leaving aside Germany, the most active and determined of her neighbours is Italy, and Mussolini's interpretation of Austrian independence is, in the last analysis, an Austria dependent on Italy—a little sister Fascist State guided, watched over and, if necessary, threatened by Rome. Is it conceivable that the Austrians, a large part of whom are anti-Fascist and practically all of whom are German and not Italian by race and in sentiment, will contentedly snuggle down to that ? Nor are these " Monroe Doctrine " gestures over Austria viewed with favour by others. The movements of Italian troops near the frontier last week, and the various pronouncements from Rome which accompanied them, roused suspicion and alarm in Jugoslavia. And if there should be a civil war in Austria, and the Italians marched in, the Jugoslavs would pretty

certainly march in too, as well as the Czechs, and the stage would be set for a larger conflict.

There remains the hope of the League of Nations. It seems a frail hope. The League must do its duty by Austria, we are told. But what is its duty supposed to be, beyond behaving as a policeman in defence of the Treaties and keeping Germany at bay? What prospect is there of the League—which is composed of a number of distracted and mutually jealous Powers—acting unitedly in any altruistic sense, making peace among the factions and setting up a really independent Austria as a going economic concern? The League has made efforts in bygone days to help Austria with loans and with expert advice—and the last state of its protégé is worse than the first. If it can now solve the problem, it will have worked something like a miracle. Failing that we can only watch developments in and around the powder magazine.

TOWARDS A CLASSLESS EDUCATION

WAS that Victorian politician who said that we must educate our masters speaking with his tongue in his cheek? Probably he was not, in the sense that he was conscious of irony; but he might well have been. For it would be possible for a ruling class—the "we" of the quotation—to devise an educational system that would prevent the many-headed monster from aspiring to mastery, even if the monster possessed the right to vote. The Victorian ideal of education did in fact partake of this quality. Very decidedly, the Victorians set out to provide one education for the rich and another for the poor—to reform the unpublic "public schools" as agents for teaching the governing class how to govern, and to fashion the new system of State and State-aided schools into an instrument for preventing the nuisance of illiteracy, without putting inconvenient ideas or accomplishments into poor children's heads.

Even when State aid began to extend to secondary education under the Act of 1902, everything possible was done to preserve class differences—the more so because the entry of the State into the field of higher education was widely regarded as dangerous in a social sense. Secondary schools were to remain selective; they were intended to be the privilege of only a small selection of children. There were to be "free places"; but the object of the free place system was not the obliteration of class-differences, but selective recruitment into the ranks of the middle classes in order to meet the expanding needs of industry, commerce, and the lesser professions for educated helpers. It remained very difficult for the child of really poor parents to rise into the educated classes, and such surveys of social origins as have been conducted show that even after the coming of State-aided secondary education, our school system as a whole was still a remarkably efficient instrument for keeping the children in their parent's places. Instead of "clogs to clogs," with a generation of affluence in between, we were getting, and are still getting for the most part, conditions which cause the child to grow up in the same social stratum as his parents, and to follow an occupation carrying the same sort of social status. Movement of course there is; but it is still exceptional. The basis of English society is no longer perhaps aristocratic, but it is still pronouncedly oligarchical.

Naturally, any party which sets out to replace Capitalism by Socialism has to challenge the basis on which the existing educational system rests; for it is setting out to abolish class-differences, and to the extent to which it is prepared to contemplate the survival of different standards of income it is seeking to make them correspond solely to differences in quality of work or service. Accordingly the Labour Party, in the new draft of its educational policy which it has prepared for discussion at its Annual Conference in October,* declares that "Labour has an educational policy of its own, which springs directly from its Socialist creed and is vitally connected with the rest of its programme," and goes on to say that the next Labour Government must stand for "complete educational equality and for the final abolition of the system under which the quality of the education offered children has depended on the income or social position of their parents."

These are brave words, and a Labour Government which succeeded in making them good would have crossed the essential dividing line between Capitalism and Socialism. For its very success in destroying unequal education would plainly show that it had broken the opposition of the possessing classes. A Labour Government might do an immense amount to improve the quality of popular education without coming near this victory. It might, for example, carry through the entire scheme of reorganisation contemplated in the Hadow Report, and thus institute a sort of secondary education open to all without payment, and yet fall far short of establishing educational equality. The new secondary schools might rank below the old in prestige, and in efficiency of staffing and accommodation. In the absence of generous maintenance allowances the average stay at them by the pupils might be shorter than at the existing secondary schools. The teaching might be deliberately or by inadvertence so designed as to be less effective in training the adolescent for power and responsibility, and for that understanding of the world which is necessary for wise democratic control.

But there is more than this involved. The unpublic public schools might remain unchanged side by side with the reformed system of State and State-aided schools. The Universities might be left as the homes of a privileged caste of pre-eminently educated persons, powerful enough to impose on those who found their way up to them from below their own tradition of aristocracy. The fees for certain kinds of professional training might remain so high as to put up almost insuperable class barriers in the way of entry. And finally, an aggravation of class-consciousness in the heat of the struggle might cause the educated persons who largely control the higher appointments in almost every walk of life to defeat the partial democratisation of the educational machine by applying methods of recruitment modelled on those already practised by the Foreign Office and the more caste-proud colleges and schools.

If the Labour Party really means what it declares in round terms in this report, it stands committed to a far larger policy of educational reorganisation than the detailed proposals embodied in the report seem to imply. It will have to destroy as well as to create; and it will have to break down the resistance of all the groups which are determined to keep their ranks unspotted from the poor, and will be more determined than ever when the coming of a Socialist Government threatens the whole system of privilege. The Royal Commissions which reported on Oxford and Cambridge shortly after the war produced nugatory results, partly because they were hand-picked for the purpose of not recommending dangerous changes, but also because such changes as they did propose were gradually whittled away by the skilled hands of University politicians who were past-masters at the art of preventing things from being done.

If we study not the declaratory phrases at beginning and end, but the concrete proposals in the middle of the new Labour report, we get something a good deal less challenging to vested interests and a good deal more consonant with the gradualist type of Socialism, than these resounding phrases seem to suggest. Labour will raise the school leaving age at once to fifteen, and at the earliest possible moment to sixteen—with local option to make it sixteen at once. It will reduce the maximum size of classes at once to forty, and to thirty as soon as possible. It will carry through at once the full Hadow programme of reorganisation, and will see to it that this shall

* "Labour and Education. Policy Report No. 8." *The Labour Party.* 1d.

mean a universal system of free secondary education, into which the existing State and State-aided secondary schools will be absorbed, so as to prevent the new secondary schools from being developed on inferior alternatives to the old. It will expand at once the supply of nursery schools, and of special schools for mental abnormal children as well as for tuberculous and other ailing children in need of special treatment. It will develop the school health services, not only on their medical side but also by amending the law relating to public provision of school meals, and making it an obligation on the local education authority to ensure that no child shall suffer from under-feeding or remediable ill-health. It will greatly extend the system of maintenance allowances, and revive the abandoned building grants in order to enable the proposed reorganisation to be carried promptly and thoroughly into effect.

This is an ambitious and far-reaching programme of educational reform, for which, in its positive aspects, we have nothing but praise. But it is not, as those who drafted it seem to imply that it is, a programme that would establish complete educational equality. It leaves out the Universities altogether, and the technical colleges, and adult education as a whole. It appears, though on this point its wording is not perfectly clear, to leave out those public schools which are not State-aided, and also the whole group of private preparatory schools. Moreover, it has little to say about the nature of the education which the reformed primary and secondary schools under the new dispensation are to provide.

It is curious how often one can read right through a statement of educational policy without discovering in it a single word about the control of education. Of the machine, the educational reformer has always a great deal to say, and no one can deny that the nature of the machine is a vitally important matter. But when one arrives at the last paragraph of his pronouncement the question that most often remains unanswered is—What do you mean to teach?

This is a vital matter for a party which is setting out to eradicate the class-bias from our educational system. For if we are to get rid of the class-system, we must devote in our schools at least as much attention to fighting snobbery as we have hitherto given to inculcating it. Our schools, made in the image of the age of grab, have inevitably exalted the virtues which contribute to "getting on," and have interpreted getting on largely, though never without qualification, in a class or monetary sense. They have taught the children of the rich the art of bossing the poor, and the children of the poor the art of being bossed without making themselves unhappy by resenting it. If we now intend to revise our conceptions of the good life, so as no longer to define it as being rich enough to use other people as means to our convenience, we shall have to alter our school system correspondingly, and the alterations in this sphere will be quite as far-reaching as those in the character of the machine.

But it is, of course, far harder to put down changes of this type in black and white, as reports or resolutions for a party conference. It is harder, not only because they are more difficult to express in words, but also because their very practicability cannot depend exclusively on what is being done in the sphere of education, but must depend mainly on what is being achieved in the wider field of economic policy. Educational equality cannot exist in a community which still permits wide differences in wealth and income, still tolerates large-scale inheritance of wealth, still compensates at market value every rich man whose property, in whole or in part, it takes over for any public purpose. Educational and economic socialisation have to advance by parallel stages, and the real character of Labour's educational policy will be decided as much by what it proposes to do about the equalisation of wealth as by any reforms which it contemplates in the machinery of education.

It can, however, be said that, in broad conception if not in actual working out of details, this new Labour educational policy is at least well abreast of what the Labour Party is proposing in the economic field—and perhaps a stage ahead, in that its ideals, as distinct from its immediate proposals, appear to be formulated as more imminent in education than in other spheres. It may be, too, that some of the gaps to which we have drawn attention will be filled in by a further and fuller statement which we are promised in the autumn. Certainly that fuller statement is needed if the fine ideals which the present report proposes are to be successfully translated into terms of a comprehensive and concrete educational programme.

A LONDON DIARY

IN the correspondence about Liberty in this paper, Mr. Frank Pitcairn made, I think, a very strong point in replying to Mr. Keynes. We all agree—that is, Mr. Keynes, Mr. Pitcairn and I agree—that Liberty must be defended as a matter of principle whenever it is attacked, and that we mean by liberty a condition of society in which individuals have a chance to grow and think and initiate. But Mr. Pitcairn was surely right in saying that it is impossible now to defend the liberty we have won so far without at the same time joining in a struggle to change the existing economic order. Governments allow such liberty as they think "safe." If the economic situation is precarious and it is reported that soldiers and sailors are contaminated by a desire to change the economic system, we find the Government looking for new means of isolating the military forces from dangerous doctrine. Hence the Sedition Bill. If students are reported to be ardently Socialist in increasing numbers, Professor Laski's views, which would have passed as academic in ordinary times, are the subject of bitter attack. At the moment the economic situation is a little improved; if, as seems probable, it goes back rather than forward in the future, such attacks will grow in frequency and in virulence. Given a really dangerous economic situation, Fascism, which is not doing so well now, will again become menacing. If this kind of analysis is true—and it seems to me incontrovertibly true—we can only preserve liberty by changing an economic order which necessitates suppression because it necessitates poverty and therefore social discontent. Mr. Joad in his new book on *Liberty To-day* (Watts, 2*s*. 6*d*.) has half seen this and only half. The book is full of good points, but it gives a "chopped-up" and muddled impression. The reason, I think, is that it mainly deals with Liberty as a "good" apart from the social conditions upon which it depends and only occasionally returns to it as a historic growth, the future of which depends on changing a social system in which the rulers cannot, for their own safety, permit the continuance of liberty. It is not really necessary elaborately to prove, as Mr. Joad does, that Fascist dictatorships are bad. The question that needs discussing is what tactics are best for establishing a social order in which the Government is not driven by fear into dictatorship.

* * *

A book has just appeared, containing information which I have been wanting for years—*English Country Houses Open to the Public*, by Ralph Dutton and Angus Holden (Allen and Unwin, 3*s*. 6*d*.). It gives a list of all the historic houses which we are allowed to visit, the days and hours at which they are open, and their distance from the nearest station and big town—all of it information which was impossibly difficult to secure. The authors give short accounts of the architecture, interior decoration, and history of the houses, and also of the families which own them. These accounts are very succinct and businesslike, but every now and then there is a touch of irony so quiet that one wonders for a moment whether one has imagined it. My only regret is that the learned authors did not indulge their humour a little more often. A fuller account of the great Earl of Egremont and the granting of the Barony of Leconfield by Queen Victoria to Mr. George Wyndham would, for instance, have enlivened their account of Petworth. Kent, Yorkshire, Wiltshire and Sussex are the counties richest in these show-places, and a tour based upon this book would make a delightful pattern for a holiday. How

these stately homes reflect the history and poetry of England in the variety of their splendid styles, Lumley and Knole, Hardwick and Montacute, Kirby and Wilton, Castle Howard and Petworth, Chatsworth and Kedleston! Some eighty houses are here described, but there are yawning gaps, houses of the greatest interest which are not regularly visible to the public, prominent among which are the ducal seats of Blenheim, Woburn, Welbeck, and Sion. The owners of great houses frequently make great sacrifices to preserve these magnificent monuments, but some of them do not seem to realise that they are trustees not only for their families, but for the nation. Blenheim, for instance, was built at the public expense in gratitude to a soldier of genius, and it is not pretty in his descendants to refuse the public a sight of its splendours.

* * *

The future of these houses is of national importance. It is unlikely that the private ownership of such magnificence will survive another generation. Already at each succession many of the houses have to be progressively stripped of their historic contents in order to pay death-duties, a process which depletes this country to benefit the vanity of foreign millionaires. On the other hand, houses like Knole and Castle Howard have to a great extent ceased to fulfil their function as residences, though their owners preserve them with loving care and show them as museums. Originally their hundreds of rooms were continually filled with relations and retainers, but none of us now, even if we had the means, would wish to live surrounded by numberless cousins and hangers-on. It is a depressing prospect if all such houses are to be either dismantled or turned into corpse-like museums. I should like to see life still beating in their Tudor corridors and Palladian saloons. In Russia such mansions are often used as places of rest for workers—an excellent notion including, of course, those who work with their heads. (Persons like myself, in fact!) And my feeling for history would welcome the presence as curators of descendants of the families to which we owe the construction, enrichment, and preservation of these noble piles. Meanwhile, it is a pity if these houses do not continue as organic wholes, and many Socialists will sympathise with Lord Lothian's proposal to exempt from death-duties the fabrics of scheduled houses on conditions like those now applied to their contents.

* * *

These last week-ends I have been delighted by the new exuberance with which the English throw their clothing to the absent winds, and take, like ducks, to water. The rivers and the public bathing-pools at Roehampton, Guildford, Aldershot and other places bubble with the gaiety of thousands. An English crowd is notoriously good-natured, and when it undresses, it actually becomes merry. Photographs of society beauties at Antibes and the Lido have probably done something to set the fashion, and two successive summers of sun have now placed Lido life at the disposal of every young Londoner who owns a bicycle. In some places aged town councillors still wag their ugly disapproving heads over mixed bathing, but in point of fact this practice does not seem to raise the illegitimacy rate. It is a pity that some vestigial prudery insists on men in the public bathing-pools wearing what are called "full Oxford costumes." Why Oxford, I wonder, since at Parson's Pleasure men bathe quite naked; and even that reverend sire, the Cam, requires only a strip around the loins. I believe this new freedom to be wholly good. The spectacle of tanned bodies splashing in and out of the water gives as it were a glimpse of the future of humanity as one would like to see it, leading a Greek life, served by machinery instead of by slaves.

* * *

I heard yesterday a story which I fancy has not appeared in the newspapers. At one of the dog-racing tracks the other evening a noise of stamping was heard in one of the stands and the cry was raised in several places "The stand is breaking!" The crowd rushed down in alarm, sweeping the bookmakers, at the foot of the stand, off the chairs on which they were standing. (It was just as a race began.) A few minutes later the alarm was shown to be false, the stand was quite solid and untouched. Marvellously, no one had been hurt, but the bookmakers found that the bags slung round them holding their money had disappeared in the mêlée. It was a trick brought off by a gang of thieves, hideously dangerous to the spectators, but undeniably ingenious. CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Miss McHugh.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The only persons who are permitted to wear clothing are the club servants, and they are fully dressed, for, curiously enough, it is alleged that although members have not the slightest objection to other members being in a state of nudity, they do detest to be waited on by anyone who is not fully clothed.—*Daily Mail.*

There are still some simple peace-loving citizens who see the Will of God in the very geographical position of this ancient and guarded island athwart the western end of the old Rhine-Danube division of Europe, in the growth here of a stubborn race which was a blend of Baltic and Southern elements, and in the balancing and moderative influence exerted by this independent amalgam upon the ebullitions and tensions of the Continent, so that no tyrant-Haman be he Cæsar or Maxentius or Philip II. or Louis XIV. or Napoleon or Wilhelm II. could swell and lord it at ease as long as the British Mordecai sat unconquered at his gate.—Glasgow *Evening Citizen.*

My knowledge of foreign languages is rather shaky, and they always seem to be harder to understand on the air except when an Englishman is speaking them.—"Our Wireless Correspondent" in the *Evening News.*

In Convocation at Oxford the degree of M.A. *honoris causa* was conferred upon Wing Commander K. R. Park, M.C., D.F.C., in recognition of two successful years as Chief Instructor of the Oxford University Air Squadron. The Public Orator, Mr. Cyril Bailey, presenting him, said that, whereas his father had been a distinguished student of theology, the son's genius had reached in the opposite direction, to a study of the air and the sky.—Press Report.

The author . . . is a Warwickshire man born and bred. In his veins runs the blood of Saxon forebears who knew Warwickshire before the Conqueror laid his hands on it . . . Through the genius of this book, the hooves of Life's Cavalcade have set their imprint upon a Warwickshire village green.—Publisher's announcement of a new novel.

In deference to the Censor the original title of last night's play, *Fig Leaves,* was altered to *French Salad.—News-Chronicle.*

As the preponderance of our Navy grew stronger, our relations with Germany steadily improved, and they were never better than in the few months before the war.—Mr. Winston Churchill in the House of Commons.

SHAM

LORD CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES, refusing to lose hope has once more been denouncing the pretentiousness of many modern houses. The reply to his attack will probably be a hundred times as many pretentious new houses as there were words in his speech. The trouble is that it is almost impossible to convince a man who builds or lives in a pretentious house that he is not doing something entirely commendable. He likes those "masses of vulgar, tawdry, bastard Tudor half-timbering," of which Lord Crawford complains. He thinks they add to the beauty of the landscape. They have for him all the charm of antiquity with every modern convenience. "One saw on big housing estates," declared Lord Crawford, "row upon row of identical houses jammed up one against

the other, with plenty of tiresome mechanical stained glass and lots of unnecessary Tudor gables and woodwork—houses where on Sunday afternoon the family took down the woodwork in order to recreosote it." The builder, I am sure, however, has a perfectly clear conscience about all this. He goes on the principle that you cannot have too much of a good thing; and, while the houses remain new, the inhabitants are as happy as if they were taking part in a pageant of the olden times.

If they defended their tastes with arguments, they would probably say that this imitation Tudor architecture is merely stage-scenery. We do not object to scenery in the theatre merely because it is cardboard. Why then should we have such a horror of mock-Tudor woodwork because it is not the real thing? The popularity of these houses is almost certainly due to a romantic feeling for the past. It is rooted in the imagination which is not content to live in the poor world of the present, but demands the riches of past centuries also as its territory. It is true that the mock-Tudor architect is not conspicuously successful in his attempt to resurrect the past. The motive, however, is praiseworthy. He shows an honest pride in his ancestors, and a desire to imitate what was best in them.

Lord Crawford calls his mock-Tudor stuff "a sham and a fraud," but it would be difficult to convince the architect that the accusation is true. And I am not sure myself that it is true, unless every imitation is "a sham and a fraud." It is said to be possible nowadays to make a perfect replica of any piece of antique furniture. Is there anything fraudulent in this if it is not offered for sale as a genuine antique? Is there anything fraudulent again in manufacturing perfect imitations of eighteenth-century spoons? It seems to me as legitimate as publishing a facsimile of the First Folio of Shakespeare. It would certainly show a poverty of invention if in the arts and crafts we merely copied the work of earlier generations; but there would be nothing dishonest in it if there were no attempt to deceive purchasers. To-day thousands of women prettify themselves by wearing imitations. Imitation pearls are far commoner than real ones, and no one protests against the fraudulence either of those who sell or those who buy them. You may call the pearls "sham," but to call them a "fraud" would be a libel. Many women, I suppose, would regard themselves as frauds if they wore imitation pearls or paste diamonds without having real pearls or diamonds locked up somewhere at home. The imitation jewellery is as it were a token of real possessions. I cannot, however, see much point in this display of sham treasure by those who possess the real thing. Its purpose, no doubt, is to announce to the world that the wearer is rich and could wear the real thing if she chose; but there is also an element of fraudulence in the wearer's conduct in so far as it is intended to deceive jewel-thieves. The poor girl with her imitation jewellery is fundamentally less pretentious. She knows that she is deceiving nobody into the belief that she is rich. She is content to make herself pretty by wearing cheap gauds.

Or is she? May it not be that she is playing the part of a rich woman to herself if not to her friends? After all, it does not need the authority of a great poet to convince us that we are all actors and actresses. And the more civilised we grow, the more we dress up for our parts. If Tudor villas in the suburbs are pretentious, what about the make-up of women? Here is a piece of pure pretence, of brazen acting. The imitation jewellery of the poor girl, the paint on the cheeks and lips of the plain girl, are equally actress stuff. I am sure that any of the great teachers of mankind would have denounced these things as an offence against honesty; but we who have no gift for teaching regard the dishonesty as harmless, and have no feeling of moral superiority in the company of paint and powder. To cover one part of the skin with rouge is as legitimate, we tell ourselves, as to cover other parts of the skin with clothes. Whether it has increased the beauty of the civilised races is another question. Are the painted generations more beautiful than the unpainted? The painted generations would undoubtedly reply that they are.

I confess, however, that, when I think of those padded shoulders my tailor has just given me, I do not feel I have the moral right to be cynical about the pretentiousness of lipstick. It is true that I object to padded shoulders, and wear them under protest. But may the tailor, after all, not have done well by the world by disguising or at least modifying a physical defect that would otherwise have been forced upon the public gaze in every street I entered? Why should the aesthetic sense of the passers-by be offended by the imperfect shape of my real legs and shoulders? I should have thought both my tailor and myself dishonest fellows if he had turned me out with the figure of a Carpentier. That, unfortunately, was impossible. I am disguised by my clothes rather than re-created. I am no more like Carpentier than a new Tudor villa is like a Tudor house.

This raises the question of what is the limit of permissible insincerity. Some people say that the limit has been transgressed when a man wears a ready-made dress-tie. I have never been able to understand the objection to this. It must be based, I imagine, on the theory that the man who wears a ready-made bow is an imposter who pretends to have tied the bow himself. To me it seems that in a rational world we should all wear made-up ties. Why should one be compelled week after week to struggle with that wretched tie with inept fingers merely in order to convince somebody who will never notice it that one has tied the bow oneself? So I reason, yet the fact remains that, if I went to a party in a made-up tie, I should have the bad conscience of an imposter. All this means is that in this matter I am a cowardly slave to convention. If I were a braver and an honester man, I should always wear a made-up tie. I might then be a sham, but I should be a better-dressed sham.

There are certainly worse forms of insincerity than this. One of the worst forms, it often seems to me, is the insincerity of the half-sincere. There are few things more unpleasant than to listen to an orator making a speech on behalf of a good cause in which he honestly believes and at the same time pretending to feel twice as strongly about it as he does. It is true that with our imperfect control over words we often find ourselves using language that suggests far stronger emotions of enthusiasm, anger or reprobation than we actually feel. We make use of false phrases through incompetence as much as through insincerity. At the same time a great deal of speaking and writing is a deliberate imposture on us, and is meant to convey to us the superiority of the speaker or writer in humanity, ardour, love of beauty, or some other desirable quality. There is nothing in which pretentiousness is more common than in speech, and nothing in which it is more offensive.

Probably, Lord Crawford is as sensitive to insincerity in architecture as other people are to insincerity in speech. And it is possible that the mock-Tudor builders may be justly accused of insincerity in their work. To give a gimcrack house the superficial appearance of a house that endures for centuries is, I suppose, not entirely honest. These Tudor houses would be all very well if they were put up as army huts to last for the duration of a war; but thousands of them apparently are built in order to tempt the purchaser to buy as a permanent home a house that will not be worth living in in twenty years. The houses are sham in the sense that the builders are anxious to give them an appearance that need last scarcely longer than the day on which they are sold. It is like manufacturing motor-cars that will go wrong at the end of a year. The object is not to make money by producing good work, but to make it by diddling the customer into buying before he realises what he has bought. This dishonesty, no doubt, comes out in the architecture, which is certainly pretty hideous. And the worst of it is that those houses will last at least twenty years. Would that the builders had been still more dishonest and built them in such a way that they would fall into ruins in ten!

Y. Y.

CONFLICTING FORCES IN FRANCE

M. DOUMERGUE had successfully steered his striped Government ship into the peaceful haven of the summer recess when M. Tardieu set loose a storm which nearly wrecked the ship, and the haven and everything. After three anxious days the quarrel was patched up, but the incident revealed the fragility of the National Government, and it has left France with the unpleasant sensation that the quarrel has only been patched up, but by no means settled, and that it may break out again before very long.

The great question that everybody is asking in France to-day is: What will happen when the Doumergue Government falls or is broken up? Some people take a very calm view and believe that M. Barthou or M. Laval will simply form another Government on similar lines. But others say that there is a new factor to be reckoned with—and that is the Street—the Street which forced Daladier out of office in February, in spite of his large majority in Parliament, and which has continued to suggest, ever since, that it is marking time and gathering strength, and that it will reassert itself again after the fall of Doumergue.

The Street is composed of the Action Française, the Jeunesses Patriotes, the Solidarité Française, the Croix de Feu, and a part of the National Federation of ex-servicemen. The Action Française is dangerous merely because Daudet and Maurras are first-rate anti-parliamentary propagandists; all the slogans of February 6th were manufactured in the offices of the *Action Française*, and it was the Camelots du Roi who, in January, set the fashion for street rioting. The Jeunesses Patriotes and the Solidarité Française, though stronger than the Action Française as semi-military organisations (they must have some 6,000 or 8,000 storm-troopers in Paris alone) are merely lower middle-class cannon fodder. M. Taittinger, who, together with other big industrialists, finances the Jeunesses Patriotes, proudly declared that his organisation contained a high proportion of office boys, bank clerks, and insurance agents. The same applies to the Solidarité Française, an organisation founded by the late Coty, and presided over by a silly person called Jean Renaud, who tries to imitate Léon Daudet in his weekly paper, and who complained to the Committee of Inquiry not long ago that during one of the riots in January the police bashed in the new bowler hat he had just bought for 110 francs.

None of these people is of any great importance—unless, indeed, the psychological atmosphere in Paris becomes again extremely favourable to them, as it certainly was in January and February.

Far more dangerous are the Croix de Feu, with their mysterious Colonel de la Rocque, who says no more than that his ex-soldiers will be present when the time comes. De la Rocque is not a Hitler. He is not a fanatical maniac, but, on the contrary, a cold and calculating army officer. And yet, in spite of, or perhaps thanks to, his cold manner, he has succeeded in creating a *mystique* of his own. It is the *mystique* of the ex-serviceman, the man who has shown his self-sacrificing devotion to France, the man whose moral radiance has been neglected and underrated by the successive Republican Governments since the war, and who now at last claims a right to have his say in the conduct of public affairs and is determined to save France, when necessary, from political chaos and from internal enemies, just as he saved her, in the past, from the foreign invader. And by internal enemies de la Rocque means, first, the "politician," and, secondly, the Socialists and the Communists. He has declared war on the Red Flag. His organisation, which consisted originally only of distinguished ex-servicemen, now contains ex-servicemen's sons and daughters, and cousins and nephews, and friends and sympathisers. It is in danger of developing into a French Stahlhelm. These people, who, one night last month, filled the three largest halls in Paris, are dangerous; not because France is likely to be infected by their *mystique* (there are other ex-servicemen who recently laid a wreath on the Unknown Soldier's grave, with the inscription: *You have not died for Fascism*) but because men like de la Rocque—who was a member of Foch's General Staff—have many friends in the army, and are not likely to have either the army or the police against them if, at a time of political bewilderment, they should attempt a coup. They deny being Fascists; but when, like Mussolini, they declare Socialism and Communism to be The Enemy one cannot help feeling suspicious.

On the other extreme is the newly formed United Anti-Fascist Front. Last Sunday they held a joint demonstration in front of the Panthéon, and it was moving to see the young Communists and the young Socialists marching side by side, carrying banners with both the three arrows and the hammer-and-sickle embroidered on them. If only, one reflected, the same thing had happened in Berlin two years ago the world might have been spared Hitler. The Panthéon demonstration showed clearly that, like their ancestors of 1848 and 1871, the Paris workers had the stuff in them to defend their liberties.

If the United Front has been formed it is not because the leaders were keen on it, but because the Paris workers themselves were determined to have it. The United Front is bound to discourage any more attempts like that of February 6th, though it is, naturally, more than doubtful whether it would stand a chance against, say, a coalition of the Croix de Feu, the army and the police. But it can certainly keep in check the Jeunesses Patriotes and other office boys, and that is something.

It is, of course, a great question—a question over which Léon Blum and the other Socialist leaders have anxiously pondered—whether the United Front will be worth while in the long run, and whether the Socialists were wise to break their bond with the wider mass of French democratic opinion. Whether they have detached themselves completely from the Radicals and have become a plainly revolutionary party is, however, still uncertain, for the practical implications of the United Front are not yet clear. Will the Socialists support the Radicals in the next election, or go against them? For electoral reasons, if for no other, many of the Socialist leaders doubted the wisdom of making too close an alliance with the Communists. What, indeed, will be the reactions to the United Front among the hundreds of thousands of farmers in the South of France who have hitherto voted Socialist, and who regarded the Socialists as an advanced variety of Radicals?

The overwhelming majority of the French people hate the thought of civil war. They want peace and quiet and a stable but democratic Government. No doubt there is room for parliamentary reform, for electoral reform, and for a "moral reform" in France's political life. But few people in France want any "direct action," and provincial France is looking with profound suspicion at "Fascist" Paris, where the Croix de Feu and the rest of them have concentrated their activities. It is significant that in the past six months there has been a great drop in the circulation of the Paris papers in provincial France. If the Croix de Feu attempted to do something to-day they would have almost the whole country against them. After June 30th and July 25th Fascism has become completely discredited, and France is more suspicious than ever of "bold political experiments," and feels that she is better off as she is.

Yet circumstances may arise when another February 6th will be possible; and if they wish to forestall such an eventuality, it is important that the Radicals should pull themselves together, and stop looking on passively while the Croix de Feu and the rest are gaining in strength. They, too, must revive in the country a *mystique* of their own—a *mystique* of republican and democratic defence, and not depend entirely on the "innate" democratic instincts of the French people. Nor must they give the impression that they are completely satisfied with Parliament in its present form, and let the Neo-Socialists acquire the reputation of being the only enterprising moderate element of the Left. The Tardieu episode has shown them that they cannot depend in the long run on the "democratic

conscience" of the Centre and the Right, who will try, sooner or later, to eliminate them from any bourgeois coalition in Parliament. Men like Tardieu who want a plainly reactionary Government naturally regard the presence of the Radicals in the Minority merely as a temporary nuisance. The passive attitude of the Radicals partly explains why the Socialists turned away from them and joined forces with the Communists.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, August 1st.

KILLING NO MURDER

A system which flourishes on such methods inspires loathing and disgust everywhere.—The *Times* on "Policy by Murder."

So say we all: it hurts our pride
That *homo sapiens*, whom the fruits
Of reason and of speech divide
(Or so we fancied) from the brutes,
Should find, in favour of the course
He seeks to inculcate, instil,
No sounder argument than force,
No proof beyond his power to kill.

No cause, we murmur, right or wrong,
Can sanctify the jungle law
That bids the treacherous or the strong
Seek their own ends with tooth and claw. . .
Meanwhile, each State prepares, at need,
To practise on a larger scale
The methods we have all agreed
So vile, so futile. What a tale!

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

MARXISTS AND THE ISSUE OF FREEDOM

SIR,—Mr. Pitcairn's letter reveals the strange effect of toying with Marxist ideas. He seeks to rebut Mr. Keynes's criticism by considerations which decisively justify it. The question at issue is whether those who accept a revolutionary Marxist position can with a clear conscience repel reactionary attacks on freedom.

The first assumption of the Marxist is that the contradiction between political liberty and economic slavery is of primary importance. In other words, our existing liberties, being bourgeois in character, are of no real value to the class-conscious proletariat, and their preservation is of no real importance. The second assumption is that in the stress of the class-conflict these liberties are bound to be lost. In other words, the preservation of these liberties is not possible in the revolutionary era. The Marxist has therefore no moral or rational ground of complaint against reactionaries. In repelling reactionary attacks on freedom, the Marxist is defending something in which he does not believe. His conscience is clear enough, because he is engaged in a class-war, and since in war all is fair, moral and intellectual dishonesty do not matter.

H. G. WOOD

THE NAUGHTY BOY

SIR,—I really must defend myself against "A Doctor's" charge of pessimism about the probation service. I entirely agree with him that there is no reason, other than a false economy, why it should continue to be inadequate. Given well-qualified probation officers who are not overrushed there is, further, no reason why the preliminary reports should be entirely objective, as he complains that they are. That is certainly not the case in all courts and should not be so in any court. At the same time it is not always possible for the probation officer to get at the back of the child's mind, and that is why I urged in my previous letter that more facilities are needed for expert physical, mental and psychological examination.

Everyone who wants to see the problem of juvenile delinquency dealt with hopefully and intelligently should press the Government in season and out of season for those Observation Centres unanimously recommended in the Young Offenders Report of 1927 and still only in the air. Belgium can afford them; why not Britain?

CICELY M. CRAVEN,
Hon. Secretary.

The Howard League for Penal Reform.

ARCHITECTURAL CENSORSHIP

SIR,—I have no wish to prolong unduly the public discussion on the Ruislip Arbitration case, in which the opinion of the Ruislip-Northwood Council was upheld, but I am unable to agree with the view put forward by Messrs. Connell and Ward in your issue of July 18th regarding the duty of local authorities in dealing with building plans. The Council, being satisfied that the approval of the plans for two houses only was sought, gave its decision, and in the circumstances of the particular case did not call for details of probable future development, though any evidence which the architects might have considered relevant would have been taken into account if it had been submitted. If the Council had requisitioned information which was not voluntarily submitted, and which the Council had no reason to suppose would influence its decision, needless delay would have been caused and the Council's action might have been challenged as *ultra vires*.

I agree with Messrs. Connell and Ward that the question of the absence of such information has been raised only since the Arbitration, but it has been raised only in order to demonstrate the absurdity and unfairness of the published statements that plans for a colony of houses had been rejected. I gather that we are now agreed that those statements were not correct although it was not clear from their letter in your issue of July 7th whether they desired to challenge my refutation of them.

K. MCFARLANE
Chairman, Ruislip-Northwood Urban District Council.

THE THEATRES IN LONDON

SIR,—In your column "This England" you honour me with a quotation; but as I always understood that to appear in this column was equivalent to winning a "booby prize" I have regretfully to point out that I have received this mark of disesteem without having earned it. The reader of my article who selected this remark was no doubt deceived by an apparent inconsistency which would not have deceived a less suspicious eye. In declaring the drama as presented in our London West End theatres absolutely futile, and declaring simultaneously that I have been only once in a theatre during the past eighteen months, there is no inconsistency. The London theatre has not changed during the past eighteen months, and no change is possible under present conditions during the next eighteen months.

My attitude to the effete commercialised theatre of London is that of a Bolshevik to Tsarism. It would not have made any difference if a good or a bad Tsar were on the throne to a Russian Communist, and similarly it would make no difference to my opinion about drama in London if your esteemed dramatic critic, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, were to inform me next month that the finest production he had ever seen of, say, Ibsen's *Ghosts* was being performed nightly at some West End theatre to large and enthusiastic audiences.

W. J. TURNER

VICTOR GRAYSON

SIR,—I am engaged in writing a biography of Albert Victor Grayson, the Socialist Member of Parliament for the Colne Valley Division, 1907–1910, and would like to hear from any reader who possesses letters, newspaper articles, etc., written by Grayson. All documents loaned will be acknowledged and returned as soon as their contents have been examined. Copies of the *Clarion* for the years 1906–1910 are particularly required, and any information dealing with the mysterious disappearance of Grayson is specially requested.

STANLEY CHADWICK

5 Gramfield Road,
Crosland Moor, Huddersfield.

SUICIDE AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

SIR,—In view of the recent inquest case of a schoolboy who for three years had entertained the idea of committing suicide as the only way out of the difficulties he found uncommunicable, might I urge the discountenance of the shallow assertions common

among the public and even among some in the medical profession (and voiced during the past few weeks in a serial embodying popular "psychology" in a daily newspaper), that these conditions have their origin in unwillingness to face the responsibilities of life. I have seen many driven into a more serious state than the first, by being urged, both by relatives and medical men, to make efforts when totally unfit for them. Many such sufferers would never commit suicide were they not compelled by social stigma or sarcasm to be silent in regard to their condition: and surely it is time the public mind should be clarified on this matter and a better state of popular opinion engendered.

47 Orlando Road, S.W.4. A. M. PEACOCK

AN INSTRUCTOR ON NOVICES

SIR,—Full fifteen months have passed since I gave THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and, according to your custom in such cases, either Mr. Davidson or the W.P.B., a clear indication of his elementary error of judgment in the matter of driving tests. And now—at long last, most appropriately—"a professional teacher of driving" has just managed to drive the lesson home. Thus, in spite of the above article's four prefacing lines, we need not quite despair of Mr. Davidson's ultimate conversion, as well as of that of many other quick-wits, as regards the "speed" element in road accidents and in—no doubt still unconscious—road bullying. But what a toll of life and limb this fatal partnership of speed and slowness will, by then, have taken! Mere "perusal" of the figures is already, and has been for years, "some torture." Mr. Davidson's frequent occupation, studying them, cannot be less than excruciating. May I implore him and, alas, so many other quick-wits, if only for their own peace of mind, to speed up the process of conversion and slow down on the road?

71 Park Avenue, Hull. B. BURNE

Miscellany

MOORLAND RIVERS

AUGUST is the month for the northern moors. In August their bleak, defiant slopes are robed in purple, and their harsh allure is lost in warmth and colour. Heathcliffe has become royal; and the vision of Emily Brontë can be contemplated by the sociable man without rebuff. To me the moors are always exalting; but it is only in August that they are companionable to the holiday seeker accustomed to gentle, rural landscapes. Even green groves and glades are less tranquillising than billowing miles of heather in full bloom.

But he who takes pleasure in the sounds and sights of running water will be conscious of the moors' perpetual friendliness. The moors draw the rain, and not being excessively porous (as are the downs) they are thickly streaked with little rivers. It is these which have helped to give the moors their strange romantic contours; and all through the year, if there is no lengthy period of drought, the little rivers are wild singing spirits of passion and delight. They dash in silvery or golden cascades down fissured slopes; they rattle and hum along deep rocky glens; they stampede or quietly glide through narrow strips of sheep and cattle pasture stretching beneath flanking plantations of larch and pine.

The everyday term for a very little river is a "rivulet," and for the next in size a "brook." But in Yorkshire and one or two other northern counties a brook is called a "beck," and in Scotland and Northumbria a "burn." The union of several burns makes a "water" (e.g. the Yarrow Water), and of two or more waters a big mountain river, or river proper (e.g. the River Tweed). But they are all rather alike in character, the large a very obvious multiplication of the small, all glittering and transparent, and then running chocolate-hued or golden-brown after heavy rain. It is the peat which gives them that strange colouring; and realising how much of it gets into them after a heavy thunderstorm or day's rain, I find myself wondering why the moorland hills do not wear away, why they are the same height as in the days of my childhood; and if they were much higher a thousand years ago, say in the days of King Alfred. The flooded water-fall plunging over the high crag looks like a flow of ochrous blood issuing from the side of some giant mammoth or fabled titan. Indeed, it is really like that. Every time the moors are heavily flogged by the water thongs of the sky they bleed, and they bleed profusely. Even rocks and stones are carried away. And yet we speak of "the everlasting hills." O tragedy that harries the splendid and the great! It is to be feared that our northern hills are little by little being carried away to the sea, and that some tens of thousands of years ahead they will be much lower and rockier than they are to-day, their thick robings of peat lost in the abysses of the sea.

The disintegration of the downland country is different. If the downs are worn away it is by wind. There are no cascades streaming down their sides, and some of the valleys are quite waterless. This is because the downs are excessively porous. The rain-water sinks deep into the chalk, to the very base of the hill, and often when it first issues from a field or the bottom of a slope it is already a big brook, a trout stream wide and deep enough to hold pounders. It is nearly as clear as gin, and generally remains clear after heavy rain. The water from the clouds takes a perpendicular course into underground streams and reservoirs, avoiding the angular, sloping descent characteristic of a moorland country. So in a downland country there is really a dearth of aquatic life, as there are so few visible streams, though those which do issue from the chalk are unusually rich in it.

But the moorland country contains plenty of aquatic life, though occasionally it may be somewhat starved. Among very small things are the water beetles, spiders and flies, the chief of which last are the *ephemeridae*, or what the angler calls the "duns" (butterfly-winged), the stone-flies (*perlidae*) and the caddis-flies; though the stone-flies are the chief of them in the smallest streams. Then there are minnows, and those tragic-faced, lump-headed little fishes called bullheads or millers' thumbs. On these feed the trout, wiry, yellow-bellied, dark-backed fellows with vivid red spots along their shaded sides. But they are rarely large. You fish for them hopefully, but they are nearly always the same, and nearly half your capture cries out to be thrown back. One ounce, two ounces, three, four! But you keep nearly everything over one and three-quarter ounces, especially in the months of August and September. If any of them weigh much over the half-pound you may be sure that they are cannibals, uncompromising destroyers of their kind. The smallness of the trout is not entirely due to the spartan, Nordic character of their food. It is partly due to the acidity of the peat-water, which prevents them from growing to any size. But after a number of moorland streams have joined hands the water sometimes flows over a limestone bed, when it loses much of its acidity. Here the trout are larger, and the pounders are only occasional cannibals. There may even be grayling, which cannot exist in waters which are permanently peaty. That wonderful little moorland river, the Yorkshire Cover, yields grayling in its lower reaches.

Bigger fish, however, than half-pound trout and grayling may just occasionally be found as far up as the source. If the moorland stream has quick and easy communication with the sea it will, in the months of August and September, probably contain sea-trout—unusually swift, silvery members of the *Salmonidae*, easily distinguished from the brown trout in that they have no red spots, only black ones, along their sleek sides.

But it is the angler who is chiefly interested in the fishes. The layman is more interested in the birds. The moorland river birds are aloof and curiously individual. The most comical of them is the brown, white-breasted dipper, which performs up-and-down motions on a water-laved rock or stone as if it were doing physical culture exercise. If the stream is not very rocky and gravelly the bank-roamer may get startled out of his wits by the rushing, water-beating, splashing flight of a scared water-hen (called also a moor-hen) a very shy bird, which nevertheless lets you come rather close before she makes off, making as much fuss as if a battalion of gamekeepers were after her. Equally shy is the heron (a really

enormous wild bird), which, like the water-hen, sometimes does not rise from the rushes till you nearly fall over him. Another bird is more often noticed when you are sitting still. While crouching down invisible in the heather, or behind alder bush or willow, a vivid jewel of a blue bird may flash in front of you in a long, straight, swift line. It is the kingfisher, beloved by anglers for his innocence as well as for his heartening brilliance of colour. He does no harm; he is too small and debonair. His appetite, never enormous, is quickly satisfied by minnows, bullheads and very tiny trout. The heron, on the other hand, even greyer in his misdeeds than in his feathers, is a devastator, so bad that three or four herons will clear out fifty per cent. of the trout from a mile length of narrow stream in the course of a twelvemonth. And yet the heron is nothing like so destructive as the otter—one of the few living creatures that ought to be utterly exterminated, one, too, that can't possibly be exterminated, so rarely does he show himself in the daytime and so discreet is he in his choice of hiding places. I feel tender and affectionate towards other moorland creatures of prey, and I cry "God save the buzzards, hawks and falcons!" They have been cruelly persecuted, yet they are brave, beautiful creatures which continually show their wildness to the roving eye, and do no worse than kill a few grouse and plover. But the otter makes himself nearly as invisible as a germ, and he is nearly as destructive as sewage. He is neither useful nor decorative, except in a glass case. But God save all the rest, be they fish- or bird-harriers.

HERBERT PALMER

THE WORD MADE FLESH?

"Ah, si je pouvais pisser comme il parle!"

Georges Clemenceau of Lloyd George

How often does a man need to see a woman?
Once!
Once is enough, but a second time will confirm if it be she,
She who will be a fountain of everlasting mystery,
Whose glance escaping hither and thither
Returns to him who troubles her.

This happens rarely when a man is young;
For the lusts of the young are full of universal gladness,
They have no sadness of disillusioning error,
But only earth's madness of thunder
And its fading bright crackle of lightning.

But when a man is old, married, and in despair
Has slept with the bodies of many women,
And many women have attempted him vainly—
Some awakening that hollow echo of lust
Which is the tinkling of the soul like a bell
In the vast emptiness of hell
And nowhere an echo:

Then if he meet a woman whose loveliness
Is young and yet troubled with power,
Of the earth and yet not of the earth, homeless
Like the beauty of a fallen archangel,
He will find her chained at a distance unavailable.

No light travelling through space-time immeasurable
Has leapt so great a distance as their eyes;
Naked together their spirits commingling
Stir the seed in their genitals—
Like a babe never to be born that leaps up crying,
A voice crying in the wilderness.

The children of the flesh are sweet and fair,
But sweeter and fairer
Are the children of no flesh but of the spirit,
They are like an ever-living fever
Of the perishable blood,
Driving the dark brood of men and women
Who because of these phantoms cannot come to rest in one another
In the tranquil flood of one God.

For the blood of a man when he is old,
Old and full of power,
Is no longer like the blood of a young man, inflammable,
It is like a serpent and an eagle,
A bull violent and immovable,
And a burning that is without flame or substance
Like the burning of the holy bush
Or the look of Satan.

Terrible is the agony of an old man,
The agony of incommunicable power,
Holding his potency like a rocket that is full of stars,
His countenance like the sky
From which neither thunder nor lightning broke
Nor rain fell.

Only the countenance of the moon, tranquil;
The stars like jewels set in everlasting adamant
Transparent as diamond,
Drought, calm, serene, eternal!

The head of Satan is curled
Close, crisp, like the Gorgon;
They are the serpents of the spirit
Curled like the hair of the chaste body,
Emblem of the God who is not creative,
Who has not made the heavens and the earth,
Nor from an Adam of dust
Took that white bone, woman.

'Tis the everlasting youth of an old man
For whom there is no illusion.
Or else she be so far off that if he fly that height unscalable
He shall topple
Into the abyss.

This it is to be excluded from the bliss
Of the angels of God,
And of the men and women that He made in His image;
The joy of making images in the image of his maker is not his,
But his are the children of the spirit:
Sweeter and fairer are they than the children of the flesh,
But they are born solitary
And agony is their making-kiss.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Dance-Mime

Miss Margaret Barr has for some four years conducted an extremely promising school of dance-mime. Just as pantomime proper is an attempt to tell a story without the aid of words, so dance-mime interprets an idea, a phase of life, a vision of character by dance, gesture, music and, very occasionally, exclamatory speech. Miss Barr believes in this art as an expression of communal feeling; and her faith was brilliantly justified at the summer performances last week, by an experimental work, performed by some Devon villagers, interpreting the lives of colliers. This had a force and sincerity which atoned for any slight flaws in technique. The work of the Dartington group, nearly all of whom have other work and can give only their spare-time to their art, was shown in five pieces. One was a superb success—*The Three Sisters*—the Spinster, the Prostitute and the Young Girl. There was pity in this, and resignation, and careless joy; there was terror and venality in the dancing of the Prostitute—the only objection that might be brought is that she was, as played, bawd rather than harlot. The playing of the Spinster was consummately good—there was more movement and emotion in this player's moments of stillness (broken only

by a tapping of fingers on the table, counting the years gone and hopes defeated) than in many whirling figures of ballet; and the player of the Young Girl portrayed excellently the carefree age. The dance of *The Three Marys* was almost as successful, and had passages of extraordinary beauty and poignancy. *Chicken Scherzo* was a lively bit of impertinence, gaily and swiftly rendered; *Epithalamium* was rather too ambitious, and suffered from the fact that some of the players were far outclassed by their companions. Here, however, *The Dance of the Gossips* was a magnicent bit of work; and as chief Gossip the player who created the parts of *The Spinster* and *Mary Magdalen* alone proved the work of the group justified by giving opportunity to a fine actress and exquisite dancer. Her performance was really terrifying in its suggestion of malice and powerful meanness and the ultimate uncharitableness which denounces all human joy as sinful.

Coleridge Centenary Exhibition

People who are going to spend their holiday in the south-west should not miss the Coleridge Centenary Exhibition organised by University College, Exeter; for it has been arranged as much from a lively interest in Coleridge as from the desire to do a dutiful service. As the exhibits are largely from the private collections of the Coleridge family material has been brought together which can rarely be seen. The pictures confirm the view that Leslie's drawing (1819) is the best of the portraits done in the Highgate period; but the anonymous oil painted about ten years later at the Argyll Baths has succeeded in a remarkable way in abstracting the vigour and simplicity which were never wholly swamped. The Christ's Hospital portrait, shown beside it, is disappointing, and seems to be derivative. It is a pity that the earlier portraits (the earliest original is Dawe's rapt Platonist of 1812), should have to be seen only in reproduction. Other pictures include the water-colour of the Highgate room with Coleridge sitting dumpily in it—he is left out in the better-known prints—and miniatures of the family. Among the MSS. are *Christabel*, as transcribed for Sarah Hutchinson; the series of autobiographical letters to Tom Poole; and six of the innumerable note-books which Coleridge carried in his pocket or luggage. Entries in these are shown which illustrate his terrific mental activity. Printed books are in two main groups: some of the most interesting of Coleridge's own books, with marginalia, and the chief original editions of his work. The catalogue contains a previously unpublished facsimile of a MS. for the Lectures on Shakespeare, and gives references to books which are available for reading in the exhibition room.

The Exhibition is open at the Royal Albert Memorial Museum, Exeter, until October 13th.

"That Certain Something"

Mary was, as ever, quite contrary, and being notoriously good she wanted passionately to be bad, for that was the one royal road to the playing of passionate parts on tiger skins and the like. Why a leading lady should cherish such an ambition is never explained, for character is not the strong point of the farrago of nonsense which the Aldwych Theatre provided last week. The plot concerns itself with the conscientious blackening of Mary's reputation, and if its machinations could have had some relation to the probabilities of character something amusing might have emerged. Instead, the play relies on the old pantomime principle that if a gesture sufficiently foreign to commonplace existence is repeated often enough, the audience's amusement will be doubled with every repetition. Thus, glasses were smashed with monotonous abandon, and an anachronistic American millionaire tipped with a £5 note everyone who came within his range. Given such paucity of material the cast struggled courageously, and the wonder was with them as with Johnson's cat walking on three legs—not that they did not do it well, but that they contrived to do it at all. The sheer waste of human energy turned farce into tragedy, for great pity it was to spend so much trouble upon material manifestly tawdry. Mr. Erick Stern's settings were worth a better play, and Colombo's Hungarian Orchestra played so well in the intervals that we nearly forgot what lay between them.

Medicine and Duty

Men in White, the film adaptation of Mr. Sidney Kingsley's play, has proved so much to the general taste that it is being given a second week at the Empire. It is exciting melodrama heavily drenched with chloroform and drugs, capably acted, and smoothly directed by Richard Boleslavsky. But although it has the efficiency of the hospital ward, and accurately dispenses horror, its story serves but to introduce to us once again Mr. Clark Gable and Miss Myrna Loy, who repeat, in a different environment, everything they have said and done before. These two in the good old Metro-Goldwyn manner, fight out the conflict of love and duty, and from an acting point of view, Mr. Gable certainly has the better of it. His part is well contrived, and could almost pass as a masterpiece compared with the resounding trash he has hitherto endured. In this slightly maimed version of the play at the Lyric Theatre, he is the lovelorn Dr. Fergusson, who cannot make up his mind whether to devote himself to medicine or to his fiancée. That the doctor, a keen research worker, would never have looked twice at the pretty but snobbish nose of Miss Loy is beside the point. The drama declares that he did so, but the dramatist hardly persuades us of the fact. In short, the film lacks characterisation but flings together types who are destined to be brought blissfully together for the final close-up. All the interest is focused on the scene and the lethal horrors of the operating theatre. In this there is excitement enough, but the central problem—that of the young nursing sister and her unborn child—is carefully glossed over by the Censor and loses much of the point which made the play interesting. All that Miss Elizabeth Allan can do is to look sacrificial and heroic, and all that Mr. Gable can do is to drag his fiancée to the operating theatre to prove that he is not wasting his time but working for humanity. As he is responsible for the Sister's condition (though he only realises it at the last moment) Mr. Gable does not turn out to be quite the doctor we thought him. Jean Hersholt, in one of his sombre studies as head of the hospital, proves what a fine actor he is, but is powerless to resurrect the film from its Hollywood anaesthesia.

Murder by Hypnotism

Murder by hypnotism may appear a difficult theme to work out convincingly on the screen, but Henry Hathaway, who directed *The Witching Hour* at the Plaza, has made it as simple as child's play. He has avoided all subtlety and emphasised the macabre elements of the story. It is an effective plot. Jack Brookfield, the gambler and hypnotist, desirous of committing a murder but less anxious to face the consequences, plants the idea in the mind of his future son-in-law, Clay Thorne, a highly sensitive subject for the experiment. The son-in-law commits the murder in an hypnotic trance, and the defence, at the trial, is that he was not conscious of his actions at the time. Nor can Mr. Brookfield be accused of the crime, since he was not the actual murderer but merely a man with a strong disposition to murder in his blood.

Once the springs of the plot are disclosed one's sole interest is in watching how so manifest a deception can succeed and yet not appear too absurd to hold the interest. Mr. Hathaway manages his subject with masterly ease, skating over all difficulties with a total disregard of probability. Sentiment, too, is invoked, and an aged judge (Sir Guy Standing) is dug out of his retirement to conduct the defence. The trial takes place and a juror under hypnotic influence fires off a revolver in the middle of the court room. That establishes the innocence of both parties, Thorne and Brookfield, and the young man falls into the arms of the girl who has been waiting round the corner for his acquital. Despite its incredulities, or possibly because they are so firmly disposed of, the film makes passably good melodrama and is capably acted with John Halliday, Sir Guy Standing and Tom Brown in the leading parts.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, August 3rd—
Exhibition of Chinese Paintings, Anthropological Congress Buildings, University College. And on August 4th.

SATURDAY, August 4th—
National Youth Congress Against War and Fascism, Sheffield City Hall. And on August 5th and 6th.
"The School for Scandal," St. George's, Canterbury.

MONDAY, August 6th—
Welsh National Eisteddfod, Neath, S. Wales.
"Admirals All," Shaftesbury Theatre.
"The West End 'Scandals,'" Garrick Theatre.

TUESDAY, August 7th—
Dublin Horse Show.
"Romeo and Juliet," Regent's Park.
"Bird in Hand," St. George's, Canterbury.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IT is the habit of publishers to observe the centenaries of famous authors not so much from motives of literary piety as from the desire to profit by the free advertisement available on such occasions. Last week the centenary of Coleridge was marked by the publication of various books, the most striking of which is *Minnow Among Tritons: Mrs. S. T. Coleridge's Letters to Thomas Poole*, edited by Stephen Potter (Nonesuch Press, 16*s*.). At first sight the publication of this correspondence will appear an odd method of honouring the memory of Coleridge, since it consists of the outpourings, to a third party, of the injured and disappointed wife with whom he had been forced into marriage by Southey. Yet, by the time that he has finished the book, the reader will have realised that no tribute designed by the lovers of Coleridge could more help to understanding him than this wreath of withered nettles laid upon his grave. In speaking of Coleridge's greatness it is of the first importance that his achievement should not be magnified. To understand his greatness it is essential to realise the feebleness of his works. For in greatness of mind, in apparent potentialities, Coleridge overtopped all of his contemporaries. The few great poems and the few valuable chapters on criticism exist rather to indicate the range and power of a great mind than to represent worthily its expression. As Hazlitt said, after a magnificent tribute: "Coleridge's works injure instead of conveying a just idea of the man." Had he lived a couple of thousand years ago and were he now represented only by his three best poems and three thousand words of prose, and all we knew of the great volume of his other work was that it had perished, he would rank among the first dozen writers of the world. And these letters, more than perhaps anything else, help us to understand how he came to be the failure that he was. They illustrate, even if they do not explain, the tragedy of one who might have been the greatest English writer and thinker of the nineteenth century. Explanations of this failure must, of course, be sought deeper, or perhaps earlier, than in the superficial relationship of an unhappy marriage. We cannot believe that a Sara Fricker could be the ruin of a Coleridge. Yet no one can make us understand his tragedy better than the woman who was unable to understand anything about him except that he was a failure. In letter after letter she describes the injuries that she has received from Coleridge and of his faults, but there is no doubt, even so, that their tale is incomplete, although we learn of his neglect, his despondency, his procrastination, his lack of money, and finally of his desertion.

* * *

The silly, pretty girl had been told that she was marrying a great genius, and the silly, commonplace fat woman never got over the mortification of finding out the meaning of the word. She was not to blame for adopting the universal feminine criterion which has been applied by a wife to her husband since the time of the cave-dwellers—the criterion of the cooking-pot. Sara Fricker's sister, Edith, had likewise found a poetic and pantisocratic mate in Southey, so she had every opportunity of comparing her husband and her brother-in-law as poet-providers. It was impossible for a woman of her intelligence to be mistaken: Coleridge's genius was inferior to Southey's as tested by what the butcher, the baker and the dressmaker would give for it. Unfortunately, men of a certain type require from their women complete faith in their work. Coleridge was undoubtedly a man who needed a woman to believe in him, but his wife did not even guess that his work was of any value at all. The following passages taken from the same letter would be quite incredible if they did not exist in her authentic manuscript. They read like one of the best of Maurice Baring's jokes in *Dead Letters*:

> Southey has, however, done great things, even in the bitterest days of his most bitter sorrow—he never did so much in the same space of time: he has begun and finished his Poem on the marriage of the Princess—it is called the *Lay of the Laureate*. I read the proof sheets as they were corrected and much delighted I was with it, as well as surprised at seeing *such* a production at such a season produced; he is a most extraordinary being—good and great and deserves to be happy. . . . You will be sorry to hear the bad account I send you of poor S. T. C. He went to Town with his play—it would not do, was returned for alteration, which instead of instantly setting about he got in a fit of despondency and was confined three weeks to his bed, where his friend Mr. Morgan was obliged to attend him: they are now both in Town, and M. tells me he is fast recovering under a Physician at Highgate who undertakes to cure him of Opium; he will alter his play for next season.
>
> You will also be sorry for another thing respecting him. Oh! when will he ever give his friends anything but pain? he has been so unwise as to publish his fragments of *Christabel* and *Koula-Khan*. Murray is the publisher and the price is 4*s*. 6*d*.—we were all sadly vexed when we read the advertisement of these things.

* * *

Mr. Potter in a really admirable introduction quotes Coleridge as writing of

> her self-encouraged admiration of Southey as a vindictive feeling in which she delights herself as satirizing me. . . .

but this was, of course, unjust to her. The proof of a poem, like that of a pudding, is in the eating, and the *Lay of the Laureate* furnished Sara Coleridge and her children with their bread. We must believe that her admiration for Southey's poetry was genuine. The place in which real spitefulness breaks out is during the estrangement from Wordsworth when poor Coleridge was suffering the greatest unhappiness of his life. As Mr. Potter says:

> But when the impatient word—that Coleridge had for years been a positive nuisance in the Wordsworth household—was repeated to him it is difficult to conceive how he could support it. The casting himself loose from the Wordsworths in 1810 was the most agonising, the most uncompromising action of Coleridge's life.

It meant a break with Sara Hutchinson, with whom he was more in love than he had ever been in his life. The other Sara openly exults:

> it has taught C. one useful lesson; that even his dearest and most indulgent friends, even those persons who have been the great means of his self-indulgence, when he comes to live *wholly* with them, are *as* clear-sighted to his failings, and much less delicate in speaking of them, than his wife, who being the Mother of his children, even if she had not the slightest regard for himself, would naturally feel a reluctance to the exposing of his faults.

* * *

Such was the woman who doubtless served in Coleridge's mind as the explanation not only of a great part of his unhappiness, but also of his failure. No doubt she played her part in diverting him from writing poetry to trying to earn money for her by lecturing and by journalism. But if we seek the deeper causes of his barrenness as a poet we may find a better explanation in *The Road to Xanadu*, by J. L. Lowes. In this most illuminating analysis of a poet's mind that has ever been made, it is proved conclusively that everything in *Kubla Khan* and *The Ancient Mariner* came out of the books that Coleridge had been reading. The passage describing the water-snakes in the *Ancient Mariner* is derived from over a dozen volumes and could not have been written except by

> a man with one of the most extraordinary memories of which there is record, stored with the spoils of an omnivorous reading and endowed into the bargain with an almost uncanny power of association.

The fruits of this reading, stewed in his unconscious and coming together like the fragments of a jigsaw puzzle, formed his greatest poetry. It is possible that imaginations of this type, which are inspired only by indirect experience, are severely handicapped. Mr. Eliot, whose poems provide a parallel, is by no means prolific, and Flaubert, who worked in this way, found composition an immense strain. *The Road to Xanadu* is a rather turgidly written book and I have not yet finished it, but I suspect that it contains a more important explanation of Coleridge's frustration than the figure of a silly woman.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Lonely Lady of Dulwich. By MAURICE BARING. *Heinemann.* 5s.

The Ante-Room. By KATE O'BRIEN. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

Tom Tiddler's Ground. By EDWARD SHANKS. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

Deep Streets. By BENEDICT THIELEN. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

As time goes on, the flavour of Mr. Maurice Baring's novels becomes more and more elusive. *C* was a satisfying and substantial book; the effect of *Cat's Cradle* and *Daphne Adeane* was considerably less definite; while his last work, *The Lonely Lady of Dulwich*, seems to touch the extreme point of slightness and vagueness. Mr. Baring no longer constructs a story; instead, as from the depths of a not-too-uncomfortable arm-chair, he tells us a series of anecdotes to illustrate the sorrow, heart-break and perplexity of unsupported human existence. The society he describes is carefully limited. There are moments, indeed, when he suggests one of those delightful old ladies whose great charm is their flattering assumption that their interlocutor knows everybody whom they themselves know and that every Christian name they mention wakes a responsive echo in his breast. Never was a writer less of a snob; and yet I suspect that part of the fascination of Mr. Baring's stories for the average circulating-library reader is the encouraging and unpretending tact with which he ushers us into a world of wealth, privilege and distinction. Poverty, in his novels, has lost its sting. True, his characters are often poor; but they are poor, in the Henry James manner, on a small but adequate allowance. Passion, too, has forfeited much of its potency. Men and women fall in love; glances—even vows—are interchanged; an elopement *almost* takes place. . . . Then something happens to arrest the fall from virtue. Follows an epilogue of inconsolable resignation, accompanied by faint rumours of church music.

Such is the conclusion of *The Lonely Lady*. It is a slight, vague, sad story—so slight that its flavour, if it has a flavour, could best be compared to that of a cup of lime-flower tea, agreeable, gently astringent, certainly not at all intoxicating. Like *tilleul*, however, it has its charm. Zita was a sensitive, rather solitary young woman, married to a man she did not love but whom she had accepted to please her family. Love reached her in the guise of a minor poet. They adored one another. She was within an ace of leaving her husband. At the last—at the very last—moment, she wrote to Jean, explaining that she could not join him. . . Why did Zita take this disastrous step? Nobody—neither Mr. Baring nor his heroine—seems quite sure just what it was that induced Mrs. Harmer to make herself, her lover and—in the long run—her husband, thus supremely and irremediably unhappy. Thereafter, she drifts through life, anchorless, rudderless, but well-bred, kindly and unembittered, to end her course in the "salubrious seclusion of Sydenham." The narrator appears to gather up her relics and drops a sprig of rosemary on her barren grave.

Is the book intended as a picture of Virtue Triumphant? Or—less probably—are we to read it as the study of an unusually selfish woman? Did the heroine choose the better part of fortitude? "Posséder (writes a perspicacious French critic) c'est n'y plus penser; mais perdre, c'est posséder indéfiniment en esprit." By sacrificing present happiness—Jean's as well as her own—Zita gained, in her lover's memory, a lasting and inalienable possession. Jean, on the other hand, went downhill; he abandoned verse, took to writing vulgar but successful novels, made a brilliant but unsuccessful marriage and died young; while Zita was left behind to finger her rosary, cultivate a suburban garden and stir up the potpourri of regrets. . . . What, then, is the moral of the tale? But Mr. Baring, though a subtle and persistent advocate of Catholic doctrine, is too intelligent to adopt the role of moralist and prefers to leave his conclusion in the air. There it floats, delicately suspended—a question-mark that the reader can interpret according to his taste.

The chief beauty of the style is its lack of emphasis. Mr. Baring employs his favourite trick of under-statement. There are no descriptive passages; the novelist makes no attempt to write gracefully, but jerks us from scene to scene with laconic ease, occasionally interjecting a paragraph of accomplished dialogue. . . By comparison, *The Ante-Room* is over-furnished. Miss O'Brien, in spite of the lavish, even slightly hysterical eulogies—emanating from distinguished critics—that her publishers have printed on the dust-cover, can scarcely be described as a writer of genius; but she is a vivid and entertaining story-teller who makes the most of a dramatic situation. With *The Ante-Room*, she returns to the scenery of her first novel. This is the story of a prosperous Irish family, the Mulqueens, carried over a period of three days. Teresa, the mother of the family, lies dying. She is visited by her married daughter, Marie-Rose, and her son-in-law, Vincent, for whom Agnes, her younger daughter and the main pivot of the narrative, has conceived an illicit and shamefaced passion. The account of how Agnes tries to shake off her love for Vincent provides one of the best chapters in Miss O'Brien's book. Like Mr. Baring, Miss O'Brien manages to convey an impression of the majesty and spiritual efficacy of Catholic ritual—a power which the reader may not acknowledge but which it is difficult, or impossible, to deny. . . . Among Miss O'Brien's minor portraits none is more effective than that of Reggie, Agnes' dissipated and woe-begone brother, with his shuffling feet and his mournful strumming at all hours. The introductory chapter is somewhat awkward; but, from Chapter Two, the novel proceeds without a check.

In short, here is a book that achieves its purpose. Why it was written, it never occurs to us that we should inquire; whereas this question—*à quoi bon?*—is continually hovering before a reader of Mr. Edward Shanks's *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, the story of a Cornish publican's son, a gifted and intelligent young man, dogged by ill-luck, ill-health, a taste for alcohol and a distressing inability to carry his liquor. He is seduced, only to be betrayed by a tell-tale hair-pin; he gets drunk, but becomes hopelessly entangled with the hat-stand in the club-lavatory. . . . It is not that Mr. Shanks has failed to make the best of his individual opportunities; the portrait of Dr. Roebel, the leonine old German poet, in whose household Tom works for a time as tutor, emerges in sympathetic and convincing relief; yet the ultimate impression left by the book is dim and confused. Tom comes to an alcoholic end. "Poor Tom! A terrible loss . . ." whisper the mourners. Poor Tom! repeats the reader, but half regretfully. Yet he feels sure that they will forget him on the way home.

Nor is *Deep Streets* particularly memorable. But it is efficient; and, in these days of slipshod and undigested work, efficiency is something we must be thankful for. Mr. Thielen writes to a familiar pattern. Ten characters—inhabitants of New York—are introduced in ten different episodes, loosely assembled but with just enough connection to facilitate a brisk cinematographic change from one episode to the episode into which it melts. The effect aimed at is the panorama of a modern city. Dr. Bodley leads off—a foolish platitudinous old man, who as he looks out over Central Park reflects that God is in His Heaven and that all is for the best in a universe that produces such an exhilarating Spring day. . . . That all is not well Mr. Thielen, painfully and laboriously, next proceeds to show us. Girls lose their looks, workmen their legs and their livelihood; boys lose their innocence, middle-aged women their last hope of sexual satisfaction; a man goes mad, a bootlegger is shot by hijacking rivals. Altogether, human life is an appalling business. In the last episode, old Pangloss, with an elderly crony, is still comfortably unconscious of the world that surrounds him.

PETER QUENNELL

A FOREIGN APPRECIATION OF ROSSETTI

Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Par L. WOLFF. Les Grands Écrivains Étrangers. *Henri Didier.* 3s. 9d.

A book like this, coming from abroad, can hardly fail to excite some, as it were, personal curiosity; it is like overhearing an opinion of oneself. And then infallibly the questions will arise: Is it ever one's duty at such times, and on fundamental points, to stand corrected? Do other people really know us better than we know ourselves? Do other people ever appreciate our poets more justly?

I think not. Prof. Wolff is intelligent, painstaking, unbiased, thoroughly master of his subject; but when he calls Rossetti "un très grand poète," whose poetry is "formally perfect," "quintessential"—when he talks of "injustice relative envers sa mémoire," and remarks that "même aux pays britanniques, la critique et l'opinion éclairée ne nous paraissent pas mettre Rossetti le poète à la place qui lui revient, proche de Keats," I cannot feel that it is necessary to attend to him. He has made a blunder—a most pardonable blunder.

Yet it is strange to think of any discriminating, well-read person getting real and great pleasure, throughout many years, from such a poem as, say, *A Last Confession*—strange to see that languid, stilted exercise in Browningese, so patently "made up" as it seems

to one, analysed thus in great detail with extreme respect. Prof. Wolff elaborately tells the story of it, translates chunks of it into blank verse, talks of its admirable composition, firmness of development, penetrating psychology, action, light, colour, emotion, pathos—regrets that Rossetti never again tried the dramatic monologue. At one moment it seems a deadly parody of all literary criticism, and the next one's own contempt is almost shaken, for after all "whatever interests is interesting." I have heard of a school girl asking her English mistress what she should do for the next lesson: "I've got to the second act of *Antony and Cleopatra*, so shall I just go stodging on?" And now the thought occurs, Am I "stodging on" through *The Staff and the Scrip* and *The Stream's Secret*, in the same position? Prof. Wolff would inevitably think so, for he delights in both those poems, and, not content with close analysis, has translated them both, long as they are, into French verse. And is it possible to feel, as he does, the rambling inorganic quality of *Dante at Verona*, yet not realise that it is chronic in Rossetti's poems? Is it possible to find in *Jenny* and in *Sister Helen* profound and masterly studies of—remorse? Can not merely the quality, but even the content of a poem be so indeterminate? One's belief in a universal good and bad may well be shaken.

Yet after all one can only *play* at open-mindedness, more especially in a case like this. For Rossetti's poetry has the worst and subtlest of all faults—it is bogus; and not only in style. How can a grown man possibly admire the sonnets—schoolboy in subject and outlook, schoolboy in manner, schoolboy in appeal? Even if he can't see that they are pseudo-grand, mechanical, "made up," in short, must he not see that they correspond to nothing real? *The Birth-Bond*, to take one example, which Prof. Wolff translates and singles out for praise, surely, surely would reverb its inner vacuum even if one could not appreciate, say, the deliberate and pretentious bathos of the close. When you come to shorter poems the difficulty is greater, and Rossetti's position rather different. There is a real anxiety to do one's best for one or two of them, *Sudden Light*, for instance, with its lovely opening; one would like to help them out, to think them masterly, but it won't do. To Prof. Wolff, however, they are "purs joyaux sonores . . d'une musicalité aussi parfaite que les meilleures pièces d'un Herrick, d'un Lovelace, d'un Donne, d'un Shakespeare même." What can one say? What can one say to his praise of the stanza-forms in *Love's Nocturne* and *The Stream's Secret*, which he, for reasons given (it is the sober analysis throughout that baffles one) believes ideal, and which yet seem to lack grip so totally, seem so patently not to come off?

Is it really, perhaps, fortunate to like such things? Are they capable of giving the same kind of pleasure as one gets from "les meilleures pièces d'un Donne, d'un Shakespeare même"? One would rather think not: but conviction must surely rest on faith alone.

Some of Prof. Wolff's astonishing interest in the poems must no doubt be attributed to his hunt through them for new lights on Rossetti's life and character. The biographical part of his book is excellent in its way—the indirect way, which narrates, summarises and interprets rather than displays; standing always between you and Rossetti, but giving a very distinct and rational account of him. Perhaps he believes too much in what after all is only, as Mr. Desmond MacCarthy lately pointed out, "the higher gossip;" but one cannot be for ever questioning one's own remarks.

Only a belief in the badness of Rossetti's art makes his life much more intelligible, gives the study of it a centre which is lacking here. It all fits in—the bogus Danteism, witchcraft, occultism, belief in magic mirrors, wraiths, doubles, in the power of numbers and of precious stones; a mental world all of "glamour" and appearances; a sham world peopled by Lady Liliths and Blessed Damosels. Rossetti's delight is in the surface, in the picturesque aspects of mysticism, mediaevalism, courtly love: thought and experience are quite superfluous, would spoil the fun. And the real self, that hardly got into his works at all—the rich self, kingly, exuberant, riotous, irresistible—how much better even that suits a *bad* artist! What a contrast between that egregious "artistic temperament" and the narrow, devout soul of the spinster Christina, with her exquisite talent, her delighted skill! Prof. Wolff, of course, is debarred from the comparison. But he might have translated her sonnet on Elizabeth Siddal—so telling in its cool exclusion of the real Lizzie. It is not a specially good one, but what a change from the ease, the air and movement even of that to the unventilated productions of her brother, stiff all over with gold leaf!

K. JOHN

KNOWING OURSELVES

Essays Presented to C. G. Seligman. Edited by E. E. EVANS-PRITCHARD, RAYMOND FIRTH, BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI and ISAAC SCHAPERA. *Kegan Paul.* 21s.

The Rainbow Bridge. A Study of Paganism. By JOHN STRONG NEWBERRY. *Macmillan.* 15s.

The most significant difference between ourselves and our great-grandfathers is not that we can fly, make artificial silk, and talk to Australia by wireless, but that we are beginning to know something about ourselves. Already our grandfathers learnt from the biologists that they were cousins of the other animals, a discovery which gave a painful jolt to the whole pattern of man's attitude to himself. Then the anthropologists demonstrated to our fathers the similarity between their cherished beliefs and those of the despised heathen. And now the psychologists are making us conscious, against our will, that our lives are governed by just those desires which we consider most foreign to us, most disgusting and most unnatural. The man-in-the-street has hardly yet been affected by this triple humiliation, he knows a little perhaps of Darwin, nothing of Frazer or Freud. And when he is brought to face these facts he may well be seized with the rage of Caliban against the whole class of "clerks" who hold this cruel mirror up to him. Meanwhile, for the tough-minded, the converging researches of the anthropologist and the psychologist are considerably more interesting, because more relevant and more revolutionary, than the spectacular discoveries of the chemist and the physicist.

The progress of self-consciousness is the favourite theme of Mr. Gerald Heard, who has illustrated it with wide knowledge and lively imagination. It depends upon the critical examination of postulates so deeply embedded that we have not realised that they are postulates. Mr. Basil Willey in his fascinating book *The Seventeenth Century Background* mapped the curious frontier between science and religion in the time of Sir Thomas Browne and Milton—the frontier, that is, between what could be discussed and what did not appear to require discussion. Unfortunately, nobody could write a similar study of the twentieth century background, because no one can be aware of what he most fundamentally takes for granted. However, anthropology and psychology are vastly increasing this awareness, and thanks to these infant sciences a modern Montesquieu could far outdo the *Lettres Persanes* in looking at our civilisation from the outside. He would see a society still bound by the most rigid customs, still docile to the most unreasonable taboos. With regard to sexual matters in particular we insist as resolutely as any savages upon the observation of certain arbitrary rules. If a girl exposed her breasts in public, she would be locked up for trying to excite the desire of males. But she is applauded when she tries to do this by putting fur on her body, feathers on her head and varied colours on her face, or even by hanging pieces of stone and metal from holes on her ears. Similarly a girl when presented at Court must expose the upper part of her body, but if in the witness-box she showed the Judge what she shows the King she would be severely reprimanded, if not imprisoned. And in our clothing, quite apart from sex, custom is still enormously powerful; it would need great courage to walk along Piccadilly at midday in a dinner-jacket, though nothing but habit makes this garment seem more suitable to night than to day. With regard to food, again, we follow our customs unquestioningly, though here the law does not interfere. Fish must be eaten before meat, not after it; and the flesh of the horse, very usually eaten on the Continent, is in this country taboo. An odd example of slavery to custom was the effectiveness of a famous propaganda lie during the war; those who were least shocked by harmless men being killed in millions were appalled at the thought of their bodies being used to manufacture grease. And to-day those who most approve of our barbarous methods of capital punishment would be nauseated by the proposal to use the flesh of hanged men as food. Yet reason suggests that it is far graver to kill a man than to make use of his insentient corpse.

Apart, therefore, from the intrinsic value of knowledge, anthropology helps us to regard ourselves more objectively. For this purpose it is especially important to effect a better liaison between the anthropologist and the psychologist. Unluckily Freud bases parts of his *Totem and Taboo* on out-of-date and generally discredited anthropological opinions. But obviously the comparative study of peoples brought up in very different environments could add enormously to our knowledge of psychological causation. Children who are not weaned till they are five, for instance, or who

are freely allowed to indulge in sexual play, could provide "controls" for the study of repressions and traumata in Europe. Professor Seligman is one of the few anthropologists who see the importance of this liaison, and the most interesting, at least to the layman, of the essays presented in deserved homage to him by his fellow-workers are those which apply recent psychological hypotheses to anthropological data. Indeed, the speculations of those who, like Professor Marett in this book, appear unaware of Freud seem to me as quaint as pre-evolutionist hypotheses about the origin of man. On the other hand the claims of Mr. Roheim (the only professional psycho-analyst who had done field-work in anthropology) seem to me unduly high. His paper in this collection summarises the preliminary report already published in the *International Journal of Psycho-analysis*. He studied the customs, legends, and dreams of several sorts of backward people, but he admits that he could not attempt a proper analysis. For if you reveal to a savage his Oedipus feelings he is liable to kill either you or himself. A specially interesting paper is the one on Freudian Mechanisms in primitive negro psychology by Mr. Herskovits. Certainly psycho-analysis promises to illuminate such subjects as sacrifice and cannibalism, the former as in part a relief to guilt feelings, the latter as oral sadism. But anthropology is likely to remain an inexact science, partly because of the difficulties of communication, which I suspect field-workers are usually inclined to underestimate. I point to a photograph of myself in a group and say "That's me," and if Oxford ever did win the Boat Race, I might say "We beat them by a length." But this would not mean that I believed the photograph to be identical with myself, or that I considered myself identical with the victorious Eight. Levy Bruhl's theories seem to me to be based chiefly on analogous linguistic misunderstandings; and in view of such difficulties it will be a surprise if Roheim's seven-day analysis of a Somali prostitute proves in the least informative. Moreover, if the anthropologist is often handicapped by language and his own ignorance of psychology (to say nothing of the readiness of the charming natives to please him by telling him any tale, however tall), the psycho-analyst is too frequently limited by the strength of his preconceived ideas. In no other science are hypotheses accepted with the same religious zeal, and one of the advantages to be hoped from the analyst engaged upon field-work is that, unlike Mr. Roheim, he may be forced by the facts to reconsider some of his more dogmatic assumptions.

The Rainbow Bridge is an American book about the history of paganism. The author recounts very drearily the mythologies of the old civilisations, and tries to show that all the gods and all the heroes, Isaac and Achilles, Moses and Oedipus, are dying fertility-gods. He makes a fascinating subject seem dull, and strains a probable hypothesis till it becomes unconvincing.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

FOR THE SILLY SEASON

Beside the Seaside: Six Variations. Edited by YVONNE CLOUD. *Stanley Nott.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Each of the six contributors to this lively and ingenious volume was allotted an English seaside town, which he or she visited (rather early in the season perhaps) and reported in an essay of some forty pages. It has the charm of a holiday game. Here is the list of authors and "towns served": Kate O'Brien (Southend), Antonia White (Brighton), Malcolm Muggeridge (Bournemouth), James Laver (Blackpool), V. S. Pritchett (Scarborough), Yvonne Cloud (Margate). Miss Cloud, as editor, has written also an introductory essay. The idea was to distinguish the attractions of these resorts—to put each, as it were, on its own pedestal—and at the same time to give a general picture of the English seaside holiday as it has developed in the last two hundred years. Popularity, it seems, was the test by which one place was chosen rather than another; and the discriminating reporter was packed off to take his *bain du multitude* on the coast allotted him.

We are given an enthusiastic picture of their return. "The six authors in search of the seaside had occasion to forgather during the preparation of this book, and it is not too much to say that, cultivated as they might be and *literati* by profession, they positively shouted each other down, capping Bournemouth with Scarborough, this Blackpool tit-bit with that Brighton gem, until one might fairly have supposed them to be discussing sales." It sounds rather aggressively professional. In fact, Mr. James Laver and Miss Kate O'Brien seem to have enjoyed themselves most, for they report chiefly what they saw and rely less on old guides and prints. Mr. Laver's panegyric on Blackpool evokes a boisterous and prettily distorted vision of the modern pleasure town by the sea, and he makes the most of sand, breakers, lights, joy-rides and high tea. Miss O'Brien, watching the crowd at Southend, is moved by the brief pleasures and excitements of the Londoner's "day off."

Brighton, Scarborough, Bournemouth and Margate are shown to us rather in the light of the past—as Miss Cloud remarks, "there is a great deal of history at Margate." The Prince Regent setting a pace in scandals at the Pavilion; the storms and the smugglers on the Isle of Thanet; controversy over the Scarborough "waters"; Stevenson's residence at Bournemouth: these and other pieces of local lore obscure, though not unpleasantly, the crowd on the front. Mr. Muggeridge seems to have been the least happy during his stay at Bournemouth; more than once he fancifies dislike into a rather awkward approval. He found to his astonishment that Shelley's heart was contained in the vault of St. Peter's Churchyard, and when he had got used to the idea, "came even to feel that Bournemouth was the one place in the world where Shelley's heart ought to be." But nothing that he says about Bournemouth seems to justify this feeling.

The heroic early days of the seaside provide several of these essays with lively detail. Mr. Pritchett, with Scarborough as centre, describes the transformation of the spa into a seaside resort, as people came to prefer the cure of sea-water to mineral springs, and as the romantic movement extended to mountain and coast scenery. Sea-bathing began to attract visitors in the early eighteenth century; an engraving is reproduced here which shows that it was known in 1735. A Latin treatise on the use of sea-water, written by a fashionable London doctor in 1750, seems to have completed the stampede to the coast. These early bathers, smashed by terrific waves, were put in the charge of a "bathing-woman," who ducked and bounced them in the sea, a quantity of which they were expected to swallow for its good effects on the stomach. Bathing machines, elaborate costumes, vigilant men in rowing-boats—the whole paraphernalia of the "dip" were quickly assembled. The pioneers were followed by the aristocracy, the aristocracy by the mob; and wherever there was sand people went to sport on it. An amusing sketch of these developments is given by Miss Yvonne Cloud in her introduction.

The whole book is entertaining and as varied perhaps as the monotony of the seaside will allow. But how little of the real attraction of the sea has been suggested! If only for contrast, some harbour town with its fishing boats and lighthouse and houses terraced on the hill might have been given a place.

G. W. STONIER

YEATS FORTY YEARS AGO

Letters to the New Island. By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. Edited by HORACE REYNOLDS. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

These letters from Europe were written by Yeats between 1888 and 1892, for the *Boston Pilot* and the *Providence Sunday Journal*. Mr. Reynolds introduces them at some length, but with wit and interest. He announces at the beginning Yeats's major beliefs which distil down to the dogma that art must be national, and that to be truly national it must be purged of politics. This discovery is made afresh by every major poet. Yeats lit upon it early, and disciplined himself towards it by fostering his own particular complicated simplicity, enriching his single purpose with experience and the passage of time, thereby gaining a swifter consciousness of his own genius, and the more successfully forcing the world to recognise it. A mission is a useful thing. High and low, angels and devils, it assists them all to find their direction and to ensure their integrity.

The principal purpose of these articles by the young poet is to outline the route of his future pilgrimage. The consciousness of that effort is astonishing. He never wavers. His own talents never obscure the issue. Again and again, while dealing with diverse subjects, he returns to this reiteration of his slowly-revealing purpose. "Cosmopolitan literature is, at best, but a poor bubble, though a big one. Creative work has always a fatherland." Thus it first crops out. There are significant variations on the theme. He says of William Allingham that he "had the making of a great writer in him, but lacked impulse and momentum, the very things national feeling could have supplied. Whenever an Irish writer has strayed away from Irish themes and

Irish feeling, in almost all cases he has done no more than make alms for oblivion. There is no great literature without nationality, no great nationality without literature."

This conviction, grown into a faith that later was to support and guide his whole intellectual and creative life, shows itself even in these early essays as a dæmonic force influencing him with wisdom and prophecy. It makes him see that " the modern author, if he be a man of genius, is a solitary; he does not know the everchanging public well enough to be their servant. He cannot learn their convention, they must learn his. All that is greatest in modern literature is soliloquy, or, at most, words addressed to a few friends." It makes him prophesy, when speaking of the scholarship in William Watson's poetry, that " there will hardly be another book of the same type written in the coming generation. The struggle of labour and capital, of mysticism and science, and many another contest now but dimly foreshadowed, will more and more absorb or deafen into silence all such cloistered lives—the products of periods of rest between two worlds, ' one dead, one powerless to be born.' "

These quotations point to the main direction of his wisdom. They do not show its variety, nor its quality of surprise and swiftness. In almost every paragraph (and what a master of paragraphic construction he was even at that early stage in his craftsmanship) he lets out some intuitive word or phrase, like a bird from the falconer's wrist. The directness, the simplicity, take the reader's breath with delight. He says, for instance, in an article on the verse of Rose Kavanagh, that such minor poetry " makes half the pathos of literary history." Of another minor poet he says that " she is too sad by a great deal. Most good poets have much sadness in them, but then they keep it more implicit than explicit. It comes in spite of them; they do not fondle it and pet it." And speaking of our modern difficulties, he says, " when a literature is old it grows so indirect and complex that it is only a possession for the few: to read it well is a difficult pursuit, like playing on the fiddle; for it one needs special training." And to give an example of this intuitive wit acting in particular criticism, he says of Browning that " thought and speculation were to Browning means of dramatic expression much more than aims in themselves."

As for the subject-matter of these letters, they are a running commentary on topical book-news, chats about the latest publications of verse, drama, and folk-lore research by Irish authors. He gives qualified praise to William Allingham, and still warmer praise to John Todhunter, whose selected poems were published by Elkin Mathews a year or two ago. They have not worn well during the intervening forty years. Amongst non-Irish writers he praises the ill-fated Amy Levy, who killed herself because she " had much in her own life to make her unhappy, and all the fretfulness of our age bore in upon her as well." He mentions also Mathilde Blind, " whose translation of Marie Bashkirtseff's Diary is making a stir just now." That stir has subsided, and Mathilde Blind is forgotten except by a few who knew her and the tragic story of her father and brother.

One of the most beautiful letters in the book is a sketch of Maude Gonne as a national evangelist, stirring up Europe to a recognition of the sufferings of Ireland. Yeats gives an example of her oratory, the conclusion of an address to the Catholic University of the Luxembourg. It is certainly impressive in its force, its poetic vision, its dignity and restraint. It is not surprising that this woman, with her beauty of person and speech, has become fabulous, a latter-day Laura.

More important, however, than the variety of subject is the form of these essays, and the grace of personality which it expresses. It takes a conversational ease which Yeats's prose has never dropped, even in his later austerity and aloofness. He tells his readers where and how he is situated, putting an initial spell upon them, in the manner of Ruth Draper, so that they have to listen to him in his own environment. The battle is over, the argument accepted, before he is really launched on his theme. " I do not head this letter The Celt in London as my wont is, for I am back in Ireland for the time being, and writing out on the lawn of an old Irish thatched farmhouse. An apple tree covered with red apples shakes softly before me in the sunlight, and the paper on which I write rests on the stone top of a sundial. Behind me in the hedge a grasshopper has just lifted his shrill song. To talk of books at all on this green clover-spotted grass seems sadly out of keeping, unless, indeed, it be some dreamy romance like *Marius the Epicurean*, whose golden sentences, laden as with sleepy sunlight, ... " And there he is launched into the stream of books, stimulated by his own protest. How willingly does one follow him.

RICHARD CHURCH

THE LIBERATION OF CAPITALISM

The Great Depression. By LIONEL ROBBINS. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In area, intensity and duration this depression is justly distinguished from all preceding ones. It seems, therefore, possible to discuss the causes and nature of this depression without entering on a general discussion of the trade cycle. This is what Professor Robbins sets out to do. It is true that some of his highly skilled analysis implies that the inflationary boom, produced by the reckless behaviour of speculators, business men and their bankers, which he holds to be the direct cause of the great depression, is likewise responsible for the earlier general depressions in modern economic history. But his argument is exclusively directed to distinguishing the causation of the trouble from its symptoms and accessories. Now, though he disclaims a purely monetary causation, it is evident that disorders of finance are regarded as the real disturbers of the peace. A large array of statistical evidence is adduced to show the part played by the inflationary and deflationary tampering with monetary standards in destroying that confidence which is essential to successful business planning. The havoc wrought by the loading of the burdens of war debt, internal and external, upon the shoulders of productive industry, is made manifest in the budgetary impolicies of the several nations and in the consequent plunges into economic nationalism with its barriers of tariffs, import licences, exchange controls and quota restrictions. But Professor Robbins is equally concerned with other State interferences with the free mobility of capital and labour within each nation and in international economic life, which began before the war, though they have been aggravated by post-war conditions. The growth of restrictive controls, trade union regulations and especially the direct and indirect subsidies given to the workless out of public funds are responsible for a " rigidity " in the economic system which is destructive of that free application of productive resources required to maintain prosperity in a progressive world.

Professor Robbins is quite sure that he knows what ought to be done in order to get recovery and restore prosperity. A national and international control of prices and exchange, price levels not fixed but moving with the natural forces of demand and supply, an abandonment of all restrictions upon production and commerce, and of the piecemeal Socialism into which nearly all modern Governments have been drawn, partly from the pressure of particular interests of capital or labour, partly from short-sighted and eleemosynary motives.

If all these injurious and foolish restrictions could be removed, and capital and labour throughout the world were free to flow into its most profitable uses, modern technique and organisation could greatly increase the output of wealth and everyone would get the share that properly belongs to him by virtue of the services he renders. But Professor Robbins does not express any confident hopes of an early return to reason on the part of Governments and peoples. Everywhere Governments are actively engaged in " undermining the basis of capitalism." And salvation lies in the restoration of freedom to capitalism. He does not admit any failure of capitalism to function effectively where it has a free hand. Industrial monopolies and restrictive controls, so far as they do not rest on natural scarcities, are by-products of Protection. Remove these artificial supports and free competition will secure the full advantages of modern productivity for the consumer. It is a pleasing, simple faith, but it ignores some of the salient facts and forces of modern industry. Even if all the restrictions on which Professor Robbins dwells were removed, so that capitalists were everywhere free to apply the full economies of division of labour and scientific technique, is there any ground for expecting that the consumer could and would purchase the enlarged product and consume goods at prices which yielded the requisite margin of profits over costs? Professor Robbins would reply in the affirmative, but the entire weight of the evidence of pre-war cycles is against him. His confidence rests upon his inability to recognise that among the equilibria which he designates there exists at any given time an equilibrium between the rates of production and consumption in the aggregate. He refuses to recognise as a possibility the tendency of productivity to outrun the market for the product. When such a tendency appears, he would explain it either by bank inflation, which is for him the prime cause of depression, or by the stickiness of costs of production, and of wage-rates in particular. But how would his free capitalism get rid of these troublesome incidences? Apparently

he has no desire to impose financial checks upon the creation of bank credits. Nor does he suggest any way of bringing workers to accept wage-cuts, when the need for profits requires it. If labour were only reasonable! But labour is right to refuse wage-reductions, for there is no sufficient ground for thinking that a removal of some unemployed from the dole to wage-earning would increase the total balance of workers' consuming-power, and even if it did, this benefit would be offset by a distribution of the enlarged volume of production so favourable to profits and rents as to stimulate an attempt to invest and operate new constructive capital at a pace which must soon evoke another depression.

So long as only a few nations were equipped for high modern productivity, and large backward areas of the world were open for imperialistic exploitation, the inherent wastes of a capitalism which ever strove to keep wages low and profits high escaped detection. In the world to-day this capitalism is no longer workable. The interferences of which Professor Robbins complains are elicited by a growing perception of this unworkability.

Hence the general recognition of the need for planning on a wider scale than that of the individual business. The difficulties of such planning Professor Robbins discusses in a chapter which deserves the close attention of all Socialist politicians. But against these difficulties must be set the impossibility of reversing the interferences which indicate the beginning of an organised movement of progressive planning (accompanied by grave errors of procedure) in every part of the economic world.

WHITEHEAD WITHOUT TEARS

Nature and Life. By ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. *Cambridge University Press.* 3s. 6d.

In so far as the merit of a work on philosophy may be judged by the author's success in communicating his ideas to his readers, I would venture the statement that this book is Professor Whitehead's best. It is, at any rate, his clearest: indeed, this is the first Whitehead I have read since *Science and the Modern World* which I have felt some assurance of understanding. It almost looks as if Professor Whitehead, master of so many ideas, was at last beginning to master the art of expounding them.

As to the content expounded, this is as exciting as ever. It is not new—new, that is to say, for Whitehead; it is rather a drawing together of threads, a *résumé* of the ideas that have appeared in former books. But the ideas are in themselves so novel and involve so complete a revolution in current conceptions of the universe, that most of us will be only too delighted at finding that we are not required to assimilate new material and will gratefully address our energies to a renewed attempt to master the old. Moreover, this little volume contains its full measure of those flashes of penetration and insight which cheer and delight the traveller along the difficult paths of Whitehead's philosophy. It reveals Whitehead as still the prince of philosophical phrase-makers. Of science's arbitrary division between Spirit and Nature he tells us that it "divides the seamless coat" of the universe. The lesson of modern physics, that the distinction between a material particle and its environment is also arbitrary, is conveyed by the phrase: "The environment with its peculiarities seeps into the group agitation which we term matter," while the vestigial materialism of the hard-boiled scientist, based upon "Hume-Newton modes of thought," is indicted for being able to see "in the recent situations at Washington . . . only a complex transition or sensa, and an entangled locomotion of molecules, while the deepest intuition of the whole world discerns the President of the United States inaugurating a new chapter in the history of mankind."

The three quotations illustrate in a summary form Whitehead's criticism of science. Science makes arbitrary cuts across the field of nature and then studies the areas which it has segregated in isolation from their context; it still stubbornly invokes the exploded notion of "things," lumps of matter involving "spatiality and the passive support of qualifications," and, being still "dominated by the presupposition that mental functionings are not properly part of nature," it has perforce to leave them out of its scheme. All this will be familiar enough to readers of Whitehead. The development, however, is always ingenious and sometimes novel. Whitehead points out, for instance, that the new physics, admitted in theory by the other sciences, has failed to affect their practice. In theory scientists know that there are no "things" living a detached self-contained existence; in theory

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they have learnt that matter consists of the group agitations of atomic units which are strictly inseparable from their environment. Nevertheless, they still invoke the discredited notion of "thinghood" in their own departments, geneticists, for example, working with genes, self-identical pellets of matter, as the basis of heredity, and geometricians with empty space containing material bodies which are "simply located" in space. Scientists, in fact, take on new ideas without turning out the old. They are still materialists underneath with a top dressing of the new physics on the surface.

Let us suppose that, unlike the scientists, we take the new physics seriously, and, with Whitehead, think of the cosmos as a process of activity rather than as a collection of things, and then put the questions "Process in what?" "Activity of what?" We are taken to the heart of Whitehead's philosophy for an answer. For the answer is that the reality of which there is activity, the reality in which there is process, is a reality of "occasions of experience" or acts of enjoyment, an answer which introduces life, mind, experience, call it what you will, into nature with a vengeance.

I cannot here indicate the full significance of this answer. It is, indeed, only an illustration and an exemplification of the general Whitehead doctrine of the "mixupedness" of the universe. Suppose that we humour the scientists by disavowing the mind-body dualism of Descartes. We are, we will confess, unable to say where mind ends and where body begins. Suppose, secondly, that we take the interaction of the body with its environment seriously, realising that there are no bounds to the body, and that the masses of molecules of which its scientific reality consists are always passing out of it into its external environment and back again from the environment into the body. Suppose that we agree, further, that the personality or soul is linked inescapably with its own past and future experience. What follows? There follows from the third supposition a claim to the unity of the soul; from the first a claim to the unity of the body and the soul; from the second a claim to "the community of the body with external nature."

Reality is, therefore, neither soul, body, nor nature. It is a unity of experience in which soul, body and nature are distinguishable but not separable elements. Everything, in fact, is interpenetrated by everything else. There are no individual things, there are not even individual minds. There is only a self-creative process, a flux of events which is reality.

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INEXPLICABLE UNEASINESS

A Century of Creepy Stories. *Hutchinson.* 3s. 6d.

The sensation sought in this book of seventy stories by forty authors and in the space of 1,200 pages, is the "creeps," defined in the dictionary as the feeling of insects crawling slowly over the skin. The skin is the arbiter. This is the kind of book one reviews with the small of one's back.

It is clear that many of these stories will cancel one another out in the matter of sensation; only a peculiar or high quality of "creeps" will survive. One expects to find that sophistication, scepticism and too accurate a knowledge of the uncanny which fiction has domesticated, will have hardened the skin. The uncanny has, for instance, entered a fake antique or refined, dinner-jacketed phase. The literature of fear has developed familiar artifices. There are that sudden letter from a friend not seen for years, the acceptance of his invitation—"I had nothing better to do and I was curious to see how the years, etc."—the drive from the country station in the evening in bad weather on a squeaking gig, the silence of the driver, the "sudden feeling of uneasiness, I know not why" that comes over one at first sight of the house, the suspiciously eager welcome of the host, the urgency of his plea not to be left alone, the excellence of the food, the jumpiness of the servant with his eye on the door—this kind of thing arms the reader against credulity.

In its favour is the fact that it rarely fails to make the reader go on until the end; but I have ceased counting the number of times that "sudden and inexplicable feeling of uneasiness" overcame the narrators in this book. I remember, on the other hand, a peculiarly pleasurable feeling of horror I had in a story where a surprising "sudden and inexplicable feeling of joy" took possession of the writer when he saw the doomed house. The criticism is that the writer is continually overloading the dice, and mistaking the process for that of giving an extra turn of the screw. Descriptions not of oppression and apprehension, but of freedom, lightness of joy, are more effective; just as the most heartrending moment in *The Three Sisters* is in that scene where they began gaily to sing and dance to the balalaika. The fearful joy of ghosts, the ecstasy in fear—that is the most exquisite and piercing effect one can obtain.

By the skin test, Poe's *Fall of the House of Usher* succeeds, although the dice is loaded from the beginning, while his more ingenious, knowing, wily, explanatory and argumentative fake-antique successors fail. In iciness its thrill surpasses that of any other in this shivering collection, and survives numberless readings. Whenever I read this story my skin freezes and contracts and my heart throbs like a fan. That gale blowing on the night of dissolution after the death of the sister is the panting of my own lungs. All the romantic paraphernalia are there to arouse our latent protective scepticism and reasonableness, but Poe sweeps all defence from the cautious reader at once. He is not tentative—a fault in contemporaries—but goes all out for that "inexplicable uneasiness."

The alternative to the achievement of the full orchestral effects of fear is to build upon plain statement, and the plainer the better. That is the other lesson of this collection. Here Defoe is the master. His *Apparition of Mrs. Veal* is a model. It is fatal—or so it seems to me—to waver about the facts. Better too many mundane details than too many innuendos. Mr. Walter de la Mare, because he insists on solid detail, is the most convincing of his contemporaries. The solidity of his houses, their furnishings, the cumulative effect of material paraphernalia, breed and diffuse the uncanny.

Many of the stories in this book are not ghost stories. It is doubtful if the first-class modern ghost story exists. But there are other fields. Mr. Coppard's agonising *Arabesque*, not in this collection, is an example. A good plain murder by Mr. Arthur Machen, *The Islington Murders*, has its points—and there is that strangely "on edge" allegory *The Country of the Blind*. D. H. Lawrence's *The Rocking Horse* with that message running continually through the house—"There must be more money"—starts the insects crawling. The publishers must be praised for producing an omnibus volume which is amazingly cheap and well printed.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

A VISIT TO HELL

The Devil's in the News. By ERIC LINKLATER. *Cape.* 5s.

Mr. Linklater's other works led one to expect that a play by him would be brilliant, but "just a little too clever don't you think?" This play has disappointed our apprehension because it is only mildly clever. If *The Devil's in the News* had been got up in a feverish three days for a group of people to produce and act in another three, it would rightly have been pronounced a work of genius by an enthusiastic and friendly audience. But then it would not have been printed.

The subject itself is not quite subtle enough to be promising; two newspaper magnates, anxious for the spiritual welfare of England, attend a séance organised by one of them. The medium conjures up a friar from Hell who arranges to give them inspiring copy for their papers. He refuses to be paid, and offers them a free visit to Hell, where they can make use of the best brains of the past. The two proprietors, after some disagreement as to which of them is to be Prime Minister, accept his offer. During a masked ball held in the evening the friar is discovered to be the Devil disguised; but Drum and Bugle, still putting their country's welfare first, decide to stick to the bargain.

At the masked ball some of the cast are disguised as characters out of the *Beggar's Opera*, and, to encourage the friar's blank verse, speak in ingenious and rather charming rhyme. Polly (Drum's wife) runs off with Macheath, and at the end they are discovered outside a garage in ordinary clothes listening to the shrill excitement of the newsboys crying Drum's and Bugle's sensational departure.

A great weakness in the play is that it has no climax: the discovery of the Devil should provide it, but the friar convention is too well known. It seems to me also that, in spite of its farcical intent, it would gain in strength and importance by having one intelligent, level-headed character. MYFANWY EVANS

CHANGING GOVERNMENTS

New Governments in Europe. Edited by RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL. *Nelson.* 10s. 6d.

Anyone who wishes to write sensibly upon European political problems at the present time must bear two things in mind. The first is that European politics are in a state of unprecedented flux, and that, not merely is the way of the prophet unusually hard, but that even the most meticulous and accurate statement of facts may become devastatingly out of date during the minimum time which must elapse between the author's final correction of his proof-sheets and their appearance between two covers on a bookstall. The days are past when writers like Professor Lowell could produce a monumental work entitled *Governments and Parties in Continental Europe*, in the confident expectation that it would remain a necessary text-book for generations of students to come; and, to take only one example, few of the eminent historians, politicians, and journalists who wrote on Germany in 1931 would be really happy if their words were reprinted to-day. Anyone who writes on present-day Europe must be reconciled to being ephemeral, and must console himself with feeling that his work may be no less valuable for that.

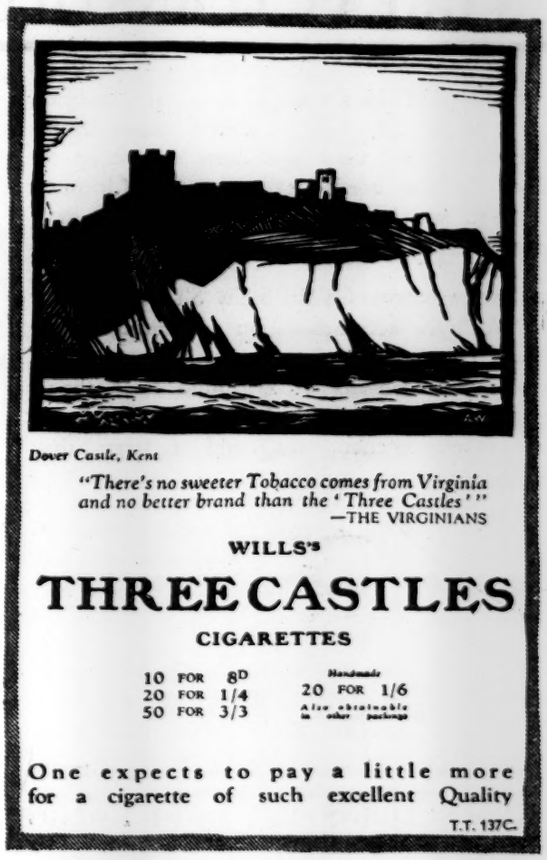
The second is that, for good or for ill, the general trend is definitely away from the nineteenth century *beau ideal* of parliamentary democracy, and towards different experiments in political structure, whether these be entirely new, as in the case of Soviet Russia, or, as in the case of the Fascist and semi-Fascist countries, in part a reversion to older methods of thought and organisation. English writers, long trained in the school of Mill and his followers, have been on the whole too slow to realise this; but it surely should be clear by now that neither Communist Russia nor Fascist Italy can be treated as a temporary aberration, a kind of nettlerash upon the fair face of parliamentary democracy. The Americans, with a tradition more adaptable if less competent, have been readier to grasp the changed conditions; and it is an excellent thing that the American Foreign Policy Association, which has already done admirable work, should in this volume play its part in shaking up the amiable but purblind British opinion which is so perfectly represented in the *Cambridge Modern History*.

The book before us contains, beside a general introduction to its subjects, studies of the present political condition of Italy, Germany, Russia, the Baltic States (including Poland), and Spain—the last-named perhaps the most tentative of any. It may be matter for regret that it does not seem to have been possible to include any study of Austria or the Balkans (assuming that Turkey is no longer to be included with the European States); but it may be urged as a counter that information about Rumania, Bulgaria, etc., is extensively provided in the general press, which is rather apt to ignore, except in short and unsatisfactory spasms, the developments in Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. If this limitation be accepted, and it is borne in mind that some of the information provided is necessarily out of date by now and must be checked by such more recent sources as are available to the reader, the book will be found valuable. There is in it a great deal of fact about the actual provisions of constitutions, voting at elections, and so on, which is nowhere else available in compendious form. There are, in the opening essay, one or two rather unfortunate generalisations. It is not true, for example, that "historically the birth of democracy coincides with that of capitalism," and the statement that, "the workers have been less successful than the middle class in producing strong and daring leaders: no Communist Hitler or Mussolini has yet appeared on the European scene," quite frankly, leaves one gasping. No Hitler or Mussolini, surely, has yet shown anything like the strength and daring, or had anything like the influence of the embalmed corpse in the Kremlin. These, however, are minor blemishes, and prove no more than that generalisations are now more than usually dangerous. For the rest, Professor Buell's team may be congratulated and recommended on their efforts.

SHORTER NOTICES

Aspects of Athenian Democracy. By ROBERT J. BONNER. *Cambridge University Press.* 10s.

In this comprehensive and sympathetic study, Professor Bonner surveys the methods whereby "the Athenians of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. achieved the most logical form of democracy of any people, ancient or modern." Here, for a time, was seen in practice that government of the people, for the people, and by the people, which to-day is a democratic ideal, unrealisable if only because the size of national populations compels the continual delegation of power. There was delegation in Athens for special purposes, but the supreme control remained always in the hands of all the Athenian citizens in assembly. That the system worked was admitted by its contemporary opponents, how well it worked Professor Bonner demonstrates by pointing to its fruits, in civic and imperial power, and in a culture that has never been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surpassed. Professor Bonner, for all his learning, writes most unacademically, and wherever possible translates Greek thought and practice into modern terms. This gives the study a peculiar liveliness and reality, and tempts the reader continually to compare the Athenian democracy in action with our own representational systems of government. In his opening chapter Professor Bonner explains how the Sovereign People came to their sovereignty and the nature of their rule. He then goes on to deal with the judiciary, the politicians, freedom of speech, citizenship, literature, religion, and imperialism. The argument throughout is admirably documented.

Cervantes and the Magicians. By ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL. *Hurst and Blackett.* 9s. 6d.

This version of the life of Cervantes has been translated from the French by A. Williams Ellis, and has been doubled in length by the process. This has been disastrous. The book is full of such padding as: "It seemed to him that the sky was losing all its gentle beauty and the light of day its virtue," or rhetorical questions of the type: "What was the youthful Miguel thinking then?" Little enough is known of the life of Cervantes, but such attitudes and platitudes are meaningless. Following orthodox lines, the author and translator are devout, worshipping, pitying and tender in their handling of his character. From beginning to end Cervantes endured bitter misfortune, hope was continuously defeated, except perhaps in the matter of the success of *Don Quixote*, where it does not appear that Cervantes expected great things of it. Whether this lifelong string of disasters and the gentleness of his irony, permits one to treat him as if he were a Spanish Vicar of Wakefield is another matter. In pitying Cervantes biographers run the serious danger of turning a rash, courageous, unbusiness-like man with nonchalance and vagabondage in his blood, into a creature merely fanciful and namby-pamby. He was something, surely, of the picaresque hero who could mock savagely at his misfortunes.

Week-end Competitions

No. 229

Set by V. S. Pritchett

It is understood, on rather bad authority, that Hollywood has bought the film rights of Shakespeare's *Othello*. Obviously, the story as it stands is quite unsuitable for presentation to the great American public and a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are therefore offered for the best summary of the Hollywood version of the play. This can take the form of extracts from the scenario if desired, and competitors may also if they wish quote some of the talkie dialogue. Length not to exceed 400 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 10th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION 227

Set by John Roberts

Seeing a photograph of the Prince of Wales riding a tricycle reminded me of a competition set one evening years ago at a party of STATESMAN contributors. We were asked to think of the title of a book that would be expected to have the smallest world sale. I think it was Emil Davies who won with "How to Ride a Tricycle." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the title of the best worst-seller, accompanied by a descriptive note or publisher's "blurb" of not more than 250 words.

Report by John Roberts

The sixtieth entry I disqualified on sight. It was a publisher's complete catalogue, sent by another publisher!

In setting this competition I mentioned "How to Ride a Tricycle" because, as a title, it is just feasible, and because it could be offered at a popular price in an unlimited edition and still not sell. That will be my test.

Prohibitive prices and limited editions are not playing fair, but "Redling" in an amusing entry went one better. His blurb of "Curse Upon You" by the Red Lama of Kong, threatens that "any person, of any sex, colour or country, who buys this book will instantly fall dead."

Many competitors in thinking of amusing titles and blurbs, defeated their own object by suggesting books that might sell well. A few of the best of these were "Parachute Jumping for Pleasure and Profit," "Undertaking for Amateurs," "The History and Technique of Noughts and Crosses," "The Rosy Footman Moth: its Life and Habits" (surely a best seller amongst young mothers), and "The Mortality Among the Water Fleas of Madagascar." Other titles were good but the blurbs were rather facetious.

The first prize is given to Ivan Moffat, who sends his entry from the Junior School at Dartington. I have not yet made up my mind whether he is Mr. or Master Moffat and leave you to guess. In his covering note he writes: "The author of this competition probably did not realise the dreariness and utter misery entailed by the imposition of such a subject. . . . However, I congratulate the choice by dint of a final pleasure in writing the blurb." Here is his effort:—

FIRST PRIZE

THE RIVULETS OF LUNDY ISLAND. By E. G. Moryon. *Blacmillan and Sons.* 15s.

BLURB.

Little, perhaps, will ever be written about this tiny, privately owned island in the Bristol Channel, and Mr. Moryon's detailed work on the springs and rivulets of Lundy will perhaps be welcomed by many who wish to have a greater knowledge of the subject.

Perhaps wisely, Mr. Moryon has not dealt in the least with either the geological aspects of his rivulets or with the fauna existing in them, but has contented himself with detailed and illustrated descriptions of the courses of each of Lundy's seven small streamlets.

It is not hoped that this book will find an appeal among the few of Lundy's rustic inhabitants, but more among such lovers of England who feel that their knowledge in this direction is not as great as they would like it to be.

Although this book is by no means Mr. Moryon's first attempt in the literary field, we feel sure that this, his latest work, will be unanimously acclaimed by the readers of "Hat-making in Guadalupe" and "The Roads of Pondicherry" as his foremost literary effort.

Mr. Moryon, who has spent three months on Lundy, has been at great pains to make for the utmost accuracy, and it is with great confidence that we present "The Rivulets of Lundy Island."—The Publishers.

SECOND PRIZE

In awarding the second prize to Fra Filippo Slapstick, I have waived my test and chosen what I consider to be the best of the amusing entries SONGS OF A STOOLBALL PLAYER.

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BLURB.

Mr. V. Helenus Grogram, in addition to having written all these 53 "Songs" uniformly in the metre of Coleridge Taylor's *Hiawatha*, claims to be the only surviving player of Stoolball, having been taught the game in boyhood by his nurse, a Sussex woman.

In the first (and longest) "Song" he emphasises the three unique features of the game—its ancient history, its having been one of the earliest recorded games in which the sexes joined, and the capital exercise it affords coupled with manipulative expertise.

Of no less vital interest is the "Song" distinguishing Stoolball from its vulgar congener "stow-ball" or "stob-ball," the mutual similarity of which names have caused much confusion amongst amateurs. "Stop-ball" is alleged to have been the ancestor of "bandy," whereas Stoolball may be said to have died without issue.

Hence the value of Mr. Grogram's book, which in lilting lines informs the reader fully about "targets," and "tansies" and pours contempt on the popular error that Stoolball is a sedentary game—the "stool" is not, he exclaims more than once, the striker's *seat*, but his "wicket."

Several delicate "Songs" commemorate the now (alas!) defunct Stoolball Players Association, founded by our author in 1884; others record laughable episodes in games played with his nurse long since. An Appendix contains a few "Songs" of no less appeal, dealing with such allied games as "barley-break," "tip-cat," and the like, now similarly fallen into lamentable desuetude.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 84.—KIND DR. PEDDERGOGG

Kind Dr. Peddergogg paid us a visit the year that Dad had that motor accident. "How are you two boys off for pocket-money?" he asked. "Rather badly off," said my big brother Jim. "Then let's see what you can do to earn some," said Dr. Peddergogg. "What's your age in years, Jim?" Jim told him. "And Stanley's?" Jim told him. "Cube both numbers," said Dr. Peddergogg; "find the difference between the two cubes, and I'll give you boys that number of pennies."

Jim did the sum correctly; he was rather keen on arithmetic. "How are we to divide the money, Sir?" he asked. "Divide it," said Dr. Peddergogg, "proportionately to your ages in years."

Jim worked that out too, and the Doctor paid us both in sixpences.

The other day he was round our way again. "Remember the pocket money I gave you, Jim?" "Yes, Sir," said Jim. "I'll give you some more if you like," said the Doctor. "Work out how much you'll get, on the same basis as before."

Jim did so, and again named the sum correctly. "You'll have to think up some new scheme for dividing it," said Dr. Peddergogg. "There's £3 more than I paid you last time, though; your birthdays fall on the same day, don't they?"

How old are Jim and Stanley?

PROBLEM 82.—THE SISTERS

The phrase "happy mean" suggests a clue. "My cousin" takes the girls' ages in years, finds the *harmonic mean*, and divides that amount in pounds. $\frac{55}{8}$ is the harmonic mean of 5 and 11. Those were the girls' ages two years ago. "This Christmas" therefore they were 7 and 13 (harmonic mean $\frac{91}{10}$). Hence in two years they will be 9 and 15 and will divide £11 5*s.* 0*d.*

The problem, of course, is a *jeu d'esprit*, not a rigid exercise in mathematics. Solvers are quite correct who claim that, mathematically speaking, the formula is not deducible from two terms of the series. Few, however, have had any difficulty with it.

PROBLEM 81.—THE TWO MAHARAJAHS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to S. Caine, 15 South Square, N.W.11. There were 108 correct solutions.

Six points are awarded.

To Correspondents. Owing to the holidays, some answers must stand over for a week or two. I think I am right in saying that there are now no outstanding applications for books, and requests for particulars of scores, etc. (which of late have tended to multiply), are being dealt with as quickly as possible.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

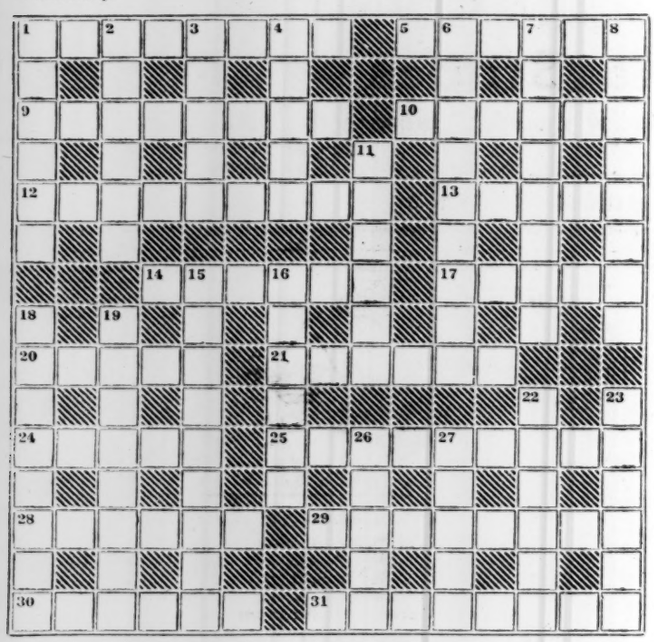
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books), reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 230

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The winner of last week's crossword is the Dowager Lady Ashton of Hyde, Robertsbridge, Sussex.

ACROSS

1. Though this defines the Budget, plurally it is only part of it.
5. To give in here has criminal significance.
9. Splendid timber for bowls or horse races.
10. What the gallant householder no doubt did with the burglar.
12. A very loud noise at the bridge secures a big victory.
13. One end of 7 is daily a golden one.
14. Three abreast the horses pull it.
17. A window in Oxford.
20. See 6.
21. We should never do this till to-morrow if we can help it.
24. One that may have been wide.
25. Bristol fashion.
28. Food that provides bedding when cut up.
29. His final meal provided a feast for the eyes.
30. Adders may cause apprehensions.
31. This is that 8 according to Shakespeare.

DOWN

1. Promising part of a greengage.
2. Helen's car, of course.
3. To get married to me sounded cattish.
4. Supernatural catch.
6. Better than an entire lack of 20.
7. The drought ends after repose.
8. See 31.
11. Goblin cunning.
15. How an American Indian could always be caught.
16. I'm above the wrecked ship.
18. Esau was kissing Kate.
19. A joint deposit.
22. Knight whose pen is mightier than his sword.
23. Snaky drawback.
26. How easily the best thing may be construed as a d——lie.
27. Dish watering places.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	U	T	T	E	R	C	U	P	■	P	A	S	T	E
A	■	O	■	X	■	O	■	A	■	A	■	U	■	S
N	E	W	L	A	I	D	■	P	Y	R	A	M	U	S
D	■	R	■	M	■	E	■	E	■	A	■	M	■	A
I	V	O	R	I	E	S	■	R	O	B	B	E	R	Y
C	■	P	■	N	■	■	C	■	L	■	R	■	■	■
O	B	E	S	E	■	B	E	L	■	E	L	L	I	S
O	■	■	■	■	O	■	I	■	■	■	I	■	H	■
T	R	O	O	P	S	H	I	P	■	E	A	G	L	E
■	■	U	■	A	■	■	■	■	X	■	H	■	W	■
R	A	T	T	R	A	P	■	B	A	T	H	T	U	B
O	■	C	■	A	■	I	■	O	■	R	■	N	■	R
C	R	O	S	S	I	N	G	T	H	E	L	I	N	E
K	■	M	■	O	■	T	■	H	■	M	■	N	■	A
S	W	E	L	L	■	S	C	A	V	E	N	G	E	D

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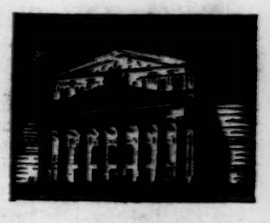

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